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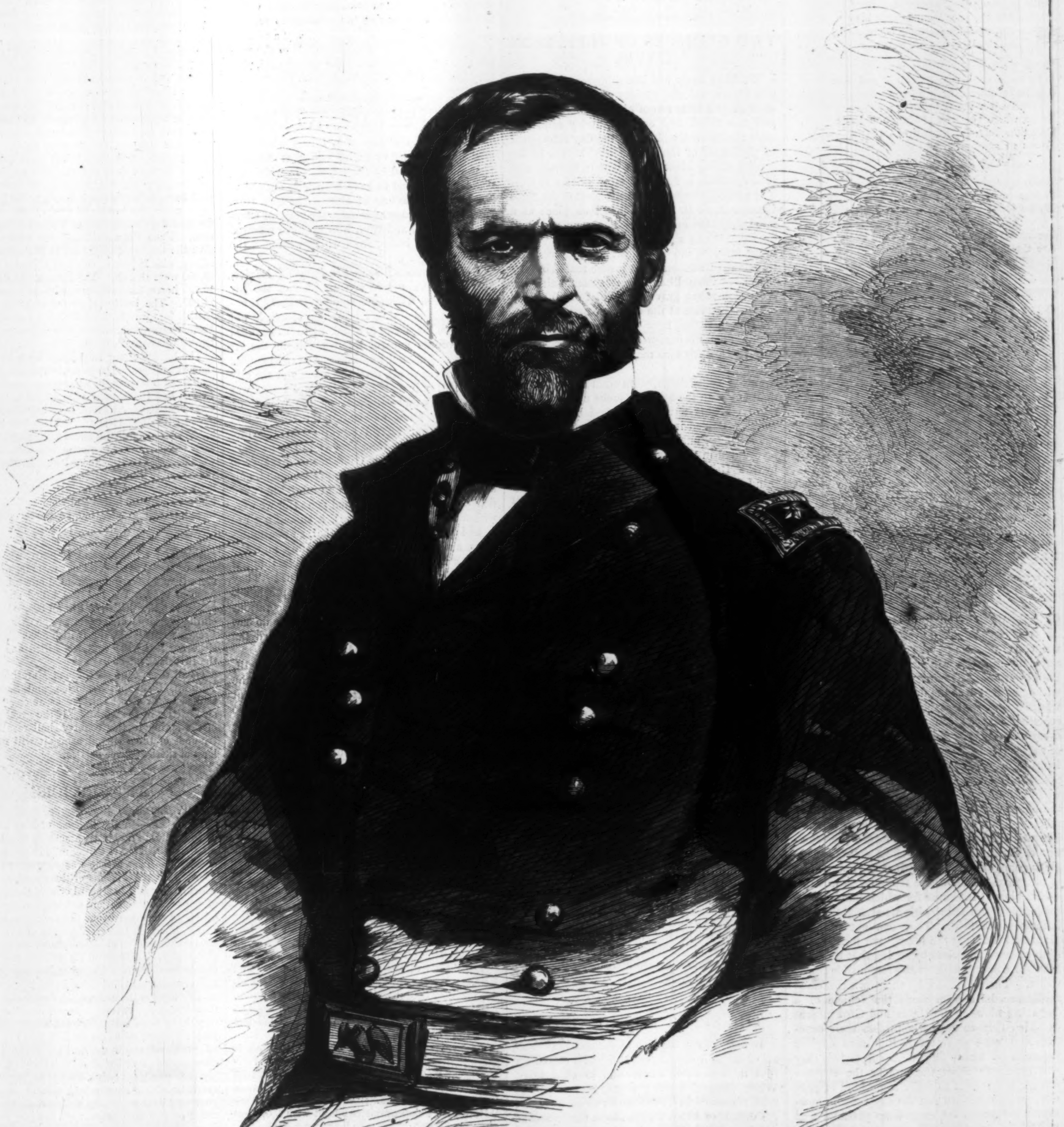


MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.—Photographed by Anthony.—[See next Page.]

GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

We give on the preceding page a portrait of Major-General William T. Sherman, commanding the Department of the Mississippi, and just now prominently before the country in connection with the Federal victories in Georgia. General Sherman is forty-six years of age, and is regarded as one of the ablest officers in the service. A sketch of his life was published in No. 376 of the *Weekly*, March 12, 1864.

TOUCH THEM TENDERLY.

O touch them tenderly; they fell
In the harsh storm of shot and shell,
When, like a vast Plutonian bell,
Rang the responding air
To artillerean thunder-strokes,
Shivering a chained nation's yokes,
The steepling pines and spreading oaks
Fell with the soldiers there.

Touch tenderly these sons of Mars;
Wrap Sedgwick in the flag of stars;
Sponge the brave blood from Wadsworth's scars,
Through which his spirit fled
From honor here to glory where
The banner blue in fields of air
Is bright with stars forever fair,
Without the stripes of red.

Touch tenderly the living braves:
Blessed be the gentle hand that saves
A hero! while our banner waves
The loyal heart will beat
With quicker pulses where they tread.
Bind softly the poor wounds that bled
Where the wild-flowers their odors shed,
Making the free air sweet.

Touch tenderly the gallant men
Who smile at their red wounds, and then
Ask to be ordered back again,
To join the fight anew;
To go where Grant and Hancock lead;
To follow Butler, Burnside, Meade;
To watch and march and charge and bleed
Where waves the starry blue.

Touch tenderly the man whose life
Is dear to mother, sweet-heart, wife,
Whose blood was poured out in the strife
Of liberty with crime;
For braver than the Spartan band
Are the defenders of the land,
Who like a living bulwark stand,
Each crowned with deeds sublime.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 4, 1864.

OUR WAR MAPS.

The readers of Harper's Weekly will find it for their advantage to preserve for constant reference the two elaborate and complete Maps of the Seat of War published in the last Number. Every important place and position is so carefully laid down in these Maps that the reader can trace upon them, from day to day, the movements of our armies under Grant in Virginia and under Sherman in Georgia, and those of the enemy under Lee and Johnston, opposed to them. They can thus gain a clear and intelligent view of the design and effect of the various movements and counter-movements of the belligerents.

"NOT EVERY ONE THAT SAITH LORD! LORD!"

The papers which were lately suspended in this city profess an overpowering regard for the Government and the Union. They will not deny that the war for the maintenance of both has reached a most important crisis. They will agree that it is the duty of all good citizens who wish, as well as profess to wish, that the rebellion may be conquered forever, to make every allowance for the exercise at such a time of that supreme discretion which necessarily belongs to every Government. They will be disposed to view the acts of the Government, even when irritating and ill-judged, as not leveled at the liberties of the citizen but at the crimes of rebels. They will concede that at a moment like this the publication of a forged proclamation of the President to the effect that the struggle is going disastrously against us is an offense of the gravest kind, whose tendency is to strike a fatal blow at the cause for which hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens are fighting and falling in the field. They can not seriously plead that it is only "a hoax," nor mean soberly to excuse themselves by saying that they had left their columns without any responsible supervision. Their columns, by their own confessed negligence, have been made the vehicle of a damaging blow at the Union and Government to which they so zealously profess their devotion, and however sincerely they may deplore the order by which they were suspended, they will honorably allow that, under the circumstances, they ought to suffer some kind of penalty, and will believe that the suppression, however mistaken an act, came from patriotic zeal rather than from despotic tyranny.

Now let every candid man decide whether, granting that the suppression of those papers was ill-judged, their comments upon the act show a sincere desire to forbear with the Government, or whether they are not intended to do exactly what the forged proclamation they published was meant to do—namely, to perplex the Government of the United States, dishearten the loyal armies, encourage the rebels, and invite foreign interference?

It is strange, of course, that journals which, by their own account, are so devoted to the salvation of the country, should put the worst conceivable interpretation upon every act of the Government; should stimulate opposition to the raising of soldiers by draft; should resist—with an acrimony that might, except for that professed devotion, be called partisan—the whole policy of the Government; very strange indeed that papers so zealously loyal in profession should constantly denounce the Government so much more fiercely than the rebellion that they are universally considered as virtual friends of the rebels. But such is the perversity of man. And there are probably people to be found at this moment, and intelligent and loyal people too, who sincerely believe that both of those journals, if they were swindled, hoped that the proclamation might be genuine; people who think that it is not a hearty loyalty to the Government which makes them daily depict the Government as the real enemy of our liberties; people, in fine, who believe that neither of the journals, so professedly loyal, would be very sorely grieved if the Government of the United States should be overthrown by a compromise with rebels. It is our firm faith that such people could be found. And if it were indeed so, how well might the papers in question exclaim, "Of what avail then are the loudest professions of loyalty!"

TWO GLIMPSES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

We have lately had two glimpses of Jefferson Davis, sad and gloomy enough. About a month ago a little son of his fell from a balcony and was killed, and on the Sunday afternoon after the funeral, which was the day subsequent to the battle of the Wilderness, Davis is described sitting alone in his pew in church, clad in deep black, a figure of utter grief and woe. The second glimpse is at the funeral of the rebel General J. E. B. Stuart. It took place at a late hour in the afternoon. The scene was most dreary. "The short service was read" as if there must be no time lost. The guns that threatened Richmond with justice roared beyond the city. No military escort accompanied the procession to the grave; but chief of all during the burial service at the church, Jefferson Davis is seen sitting near the front "with a look of grief upon his care-worn face."

Care-worn his face may well be at a soldier's funeral, for he has caused more funerals, more agonized heart-breaks, more comfortless sorrow, than any man the sun now looks upon. Nor is there probably a more wretched being in the world. Baffled in his ambitious and long-plotted schemes, unsupported by those upon whom he counted in the North, deserted and disdained by the British Government, sick and sad in mind and body, his huge crime is unrelieved by a solitary ray of extenuation or excuse. That his theory of the National Government might honestly differ from ours may be admitted; but that he should assert a mere theory, without the least excuse of oppression, at such cost of blood and sorrow, is itself an atrocity. While to assert it, as he and his fellows have done, for the basest and most odious of purposes, is an unspeakable wickedness. Even could he succeed, and his Confederacy acquire a position among recognized states, the infamy of its origin could no more be forgotten than the source of a fortune which sprang from the slave-trade.

Even could the effort to destroy the Union and divide the country prosper, the object of the destruction would be forever remembered. Grant the success; concede that the rebellion triumphs; do you think Jefferson Davis would rank in history with Miltiades, with Curtius, with Alnold Von Wincklereid, with William Tell, with Washington, with Bolivar, with Garibaldi? Would his name be hailed with love and enthusiasm as a friend of humanity? No. His epitaph would have no higher heroic strain than this: "He destroyed a great, powerful and prosperous nation because it refused to be degraded, and because he wished to whip women and sell babies unchallenged." In American history the crime of Benedict Arnold disappears before that of Jefferson Davis. The gloom that shrouded him in these two glimpses in the church will never pass away from his figure as it is seen in history—the gloom of unrelieved infamy.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARMY.

If any body is troubled by the fact that there are skulkers from our armies, let him remember that it is so every where, and in all armies. When General Sidney Johnson was in the rebel command in Tennessee he issued an order, the details of which we take from the *Richmond Examiner* of that time, by which every captain was to call the roll of his company before going into action, and again upon coming out, when every man who was not dead, wounded, or absent upon leave, was to be court-martialed for cowardice. Carrying the wounded from the field during action was prohibited, and every man going to the rear upon any pretense was to be shot by the file officers.

There are doubtless some skulkers in our armies; but the spirit of the Union soldiers as a mass is unsurpassed and insuperable. An eye-witness tells us that the Army of the Potomac began with faith in General Grant, but that the first week's fighting so endeared him to them that the faith has become a kind of worship, and the army moves and fights under that inspiration as one hero. The same spirit seizes them every where; and we know of one of the best cavalry regiments in the service, on duty elsewhere, which, notwithstanding the preference of all cavalry for its own branch, has asked to be dismounted and sent to the front as infantry to fight under Grant.

We do not wonder the eye-witness declares that he and the army have no more doubt of success than of the sun's rising.

FORGETFULNESS.

The Richmond *Examiner*, of May 12, exclaims: "Heaven and earth now call upon the Government to bring up all the troops at its command;" and the *Sentinel*, of May 19, says: "If we can conquer now—and God is giving us the promise of it—our work will be done." Both these papers forget what the Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, said long ago: "The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest." The contest which Jefferson contemplated was exactly that which the rebellion is waging, an attempt to remove the "only firm basis" of the liberties of a nation; namely, "a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God, that they are not to be violated but with his wrath."

THE "RE GALANTUOMO."

This noble old ship of a Power which has steadily befriended us during our great struggle, torn and shattered by the tempest in which she was long supposed to have been lost, arrived at Naples about the first of May. She took from New York one passenger only, the guest of Commodore Isola, and from him we have received an interesting letter, from which we make the following extracts:

"The journal I send (*Il Pungolo*, Naples, May 5) can not give you an idea of the joy that pervades the whole country. Forty thousand people shouting for joy is a spectacle not often seen or heard; while more substantial tokens of the general interest felt in the *Re Galantuomo* are not wanting. A grand banquet is to be given to all, even the crew, and the city is to be illuminated......Commodore Isola was as courteous and solicitous for the welfare of his solitary guest amidst all the trouble and anxiety of our fearful storm as in the first bright days out of New York, and the pleasant sail from the Azores to Gibraltar, and thence to Naples. The officers are simply *heroes*. Their courage, brave endurance, and straightforward duty-doing when all hope had gone (for we were without hope for three days), is something not to be forgotten. And yet, withal, so unostentatious and quiet. I shall love Italy and the Italians while I live. What a noble thing it was those frigates searching for us! They should know how heartily it is appreciated. The formal acknowledgments and decorations and honors of the Italian Government do not tell half the warm gratitude all on board the *Re Galantuomo* feel toward them."

The journal *Il Pungolo* describes at length, and with enthusiasm, the festal reception of the good ship in Naples; and after a vivid account of the storm, during which only two men were injured, and all were heroes, as our correspondent writes, the editor exclaims, with natural pride, "With sailors like these Italy may certainly soon become one of the great maritime powers of the world." The circumstances connected with the *Re Galantuomo* have served to bind this country only the more closely to the land of Cavour, of Garibaldi, and of Victor Emanuel. *Viva* Garibaldi! *Viva il Re Galantuomo!*

GREAT BATTLES.

While all our minds are so intent upon the fierce Virginia fights, and of speculation upon their probable consequences, it will be useful to remember the facts of other great historic battles.

The details of the old Greek and Persian and Roman contests are of course more or less fanciful, but they doubtless indicate the relative forces. At Marathon the Athenians are said to have had 10,000; the Persians 110,000. The Athenians lost 192; the Persians 6400, and were defeated. Then came Xerxes with his fabulous army, which is given in detail, horse and foot, fleet, army, and followers, at 2,500,000. Against this invasion 7000 Greeks held the Pass of Thermopylæ, and upon the marble lion of Leonidas was the inscription: "Here 4000 Peloponnesians fought with 3,000,000 of foes." Herodotus, who loves a generous measure, says there were 5 000,000. At Arbela the tradition makes Alexander the Great with 47,000 horse and foot defeat 1,040,000 Persians. At Cannæ Hannibal had 50,000, and of the 80,000 Romans destroyed 50,000, so that only fragments of the Roman force escaped. At Pharsalia Julius Cæsar with 22,000 routed Pompey with 52,000.

In later times Gustavus Vasa at Lützen with 18,500 foot and horse defeated Wallestein with 15,000. At Blenheim, one of the pivotal battles in European history, the final check to Louis the Fourteenth's ambition, the French and Bavarians under Tallard were 60,000 with 61 guns; the Allies under Marlborough and Prince Eugene were 56,000 with 52 guns. The battle wavered at intervals during the day, but at last, with a loss of 5000 killed and 8000 wounded, Marlborough almost destroyed the French army, which lost 12,000 killed, 14,000 prisoners, all its guns, with its General and 1200 officers. Not more than 20,000 of its effective men ever reassembled. At Pultowa Charles the Twelfth with 24,000 men fought nearly 60,000 Russians. Charles was defeated, and lost nearly half of his army.

The Napoleon campaigns are the story of the most sanguinary battles. Yet in Egypt, at the famous battle of the Pyramids at the beginning of his career, Napoleon, with 10,000 French under Kleber, routed 80,000 Egyptians and destroyed the Mamelukes; and the French loss, according to Paton, the latest authority, after nineteen hours of severe exertion, was no more than 10 killed and 30 wounded. At Marengo Napoleon, with 28,000, defeated 31,000 Austrians, killing 7000 and capturing 3000, with artillery and standards, and losing about 7000. At Austerlitz the Allies were 75,000 strong, Napoleon 80,000. The Allies were overwhelmed, losing 10,000 killed, 20,000 prisoners, 185 guns, 400 caissons, and 45 standards. At Wagram Napoleon had a magnificent army of 150,000 foot, 30,000 cavalry, and 750 guns. The Allies brought into action more than 140,000. The battle was indecisive. The loss on each side was about 25,000, and the French captured a few guns. At Borodino the French counted 125,000, the Russians 130,000. The latter lost 52,000, the former 30,000. In the whole Russian campaign, of an army which is roundly reckoned at 500,000, Napoleon lost 125,000 killed, 193,000 captured, and 132,000 dead of hunger, disease, and exposure. Yet the next year he crossed the Rhine again with an army of 350,000. At Leipsic, with 175,000 men and 750 guns, he was defeated by the Allies with nearly 300,000 men and more than 1300 guns. The battle raged for three days, and was one of the most fiercely contested ever known. The French lost more than 60,000, the Allies more than 40,000. The tough old Tory Alison says that it was this battle which "delivered Europe from French bondage." But Napoleon made one more and final effort. He began the four days' campaign of Waterloo with 130,000 men. Upon the actual field the best authorities give the English 49,608 foot, 12,402 horse, 5645 artillery, with 156 guns; in all, 67,655, of which about 24,000 were British. The French had 48,950 foot, 15,765 horse, 7232 artillery, with 246 guns; in all, 71,947. The battle lasted for eight hours. The British loss was 15,000 killed and wounded. The French army was virtually destroyed, and Napoleon Bonaparte with it.

The battles of our Revolution were hardly more than skirmishes. On Long Island the Americans had about 5000 men, of which they lost 2000. The British had 15,000 men, with 40 guns. Their loss was about 400. At Trenton we had about 2400 engaged with 1500 Hessians. They lost 36 and we 4. At Monmouth the forces were about 12,000 on each side. The Americans lost 200 killed and wounded, the British about 300. In the battle of the Brandywine Washington had about 11,000 effective men, Lord Howe about 18,000. The British lost about 600 killed and wounded. The American loss was greater, but no exact returns were ever made. At Saratoga, perhaps the most decisive battle of the Revolution, our force was 12,000, militia and regulars, and Burgoyne's not more than 6000. At Camden Cornwallis, with a little more than 2000 regulars, routed our miscellaneous force of 6000. We lost 900 killed and as many prisoners; the British lost in all 325. In the Revolutionary siege of Yorktown the Americans and French were 16,000, the British 8000. During the siege our loss was about 300 killed and wounded, the British about 550.

Of all these contests those of Marathon, Arbela, Pultowa, Blenheim, Waterloo, and Saratoga are ranked by Professor Creasy as among "the decisive battles of the world." If the great campaign of the spring in this country shall result in a full triumph of the national arms, it will not be the least of those decisive battles.

ART-CRITICISM.

Mr. W. H. Beard:

Dear Sir,—In the *Tribune* of May 21 you address a letter to me, justly assuming that I wrote an article entitled "Art-Criticism" in *Harper's Weekly* of May 7. That article was suggested by the rejoinders to the *Tribune* criticisms upon pictures, which, so far as I had heard or read them, consisted of personal vituperation and even menace of the critic. I therefore wrote the article to which you allude, in which I assert the right of every man to express his opinion of pictures however unsound his philosophy, or distasteful his style, or erroneous his conclusions, or gross his ignorance may appear to any one else, provided always that he does not personally asperse the artist. The criticisms in question, sweeping, severe, ignorant, and arrogant as they have been called, did not seem to me to be properly described as personal attacks upon the artists criticised, and in my zeal I wrote that the most exasperated artist dared not call them so. You reply that you "not only dare but do" say that they are little else than personal attacks, and that in your own case especially the "criticism" is not so much an attack upon your art as upon your moral character.

I have read the articles again, as you suggest, but I still can not agree with you that they are personal attacks. The remarks upon your *Dance of Silenus* are certainly a wholesale condemnation of that picture. It is described as "low," with other epithets that I need not repeat, and as tending to the corruption of youth. But that you are "low," or that you painted the picture for the purpose of corrupting youth, the critic does not say. A man may say that I state what is not true; but that is very different from calling me a liar. The question then still remains, whether a spectator looking at a picture, and thinking it to be false in art and dangerous in morals, may not publicly say so?

If I print a book, and the reader, without any acquaintance with me or prejudice against me, thinks it sophistical, false, or immoral, may he not say so? May he not warn the public against what he conceives to be the debasing influence of my book, and hope that "this man" will write no more like it? May he not declare that my book is as bad as Mrs. Aphra Behn's, and worthy to have been read in the stews of Corinth, if that is his opinion? He may indeed express himself in a very offensive way, but I can not fairly denounce his criticism, however false I may think it in substance and arrogant in expression, as a personal attack. Therefore you are wrong in thinking that I have approved an assault upon your moral character.

If you will allow me, I will add a few words upon the general subject which has occasioned this correspondence.

You speak of what I wrote as "an indorsement of this man's articles," meaning the *Tribune* criticism. Of course when you say this, you were not aware that in *Harper's Weekly* of the previous week I had expressed my dissent from the principle, so far as I understand it, of the criticisms in question, and also with many of their special verdicts. In that article I say of the picture of yours, which was so severely censured by the *Tribune* critic, "the Goat Revel of Beard's, instead of seeming to us too indecent to mention is not without a startling strain of Rabelaisque satire and warning." I do not, therefore, "indorse" the articles. I merely "indorse" the critic's right to express his opinion of any artist as an artist, just as I do yours to express your opinion of any critic as a critic. Then you deny that every man has a right to express his opinion publicly of subjects upon which he is totally ignorant. But do you really think that Ptolemy had not the same right to say that the sun moved round the earth that Copernicus had to say that the earth moves round the sun? How is the question of ignorance to be settled? The *Tribune* critic says, virtually, that Mr. Durand is ignorant of nature. Upon your principle, he ought to insist that Mr. Durand has no right to paint. He also says that, if I like the pictures of certain artists, I know nothing of nature. Upon your principle, he ought to insist that I should not publicly express my opinion of those pictures, because they are subjects upon which I am totally ignorant. Certainly you can not mean that. If he should take that ground, I should reply that my admiration of Kensett's pictures, and of M'Entee's, and of Elliott's, of Hicks's, of Hennessy's, of Nast's, and of your own, might be very ignorant, but it was wholly sincere, and that I should not hesitate to proclaim it merely because a critic, whether he were an artist or not, thought me incapable of judging.

Indeed, must not every work of art in literature, painting, music, architecture, whatever it may be, take its chance? They are addressed to the human heart, and that will justify them, and winnow the chaff from the wheat. Besides, the balance of criticism of artists and authors is pretty fairly adjusted. If our heads are broken in the *Round Table*, for instance, they may be swathed with sweet spices in the *Independent*. If an "ignoramus" criticises us in the *Tribune*, a genial sympathy and intelligence may sparkle in the *Evening Post*. When you say that no person has a right to speak publicly of subjects of which he is ignorant, you seem to me to forget that then nobody's right to talk could ever be satisfactorily settled.

I cordially agree with you that criticisms of pictures would always be better if they were written by competent persons. And you remember that it was said of a certain picture also that it would have been better if the artist had taken more pains. I welcome the articles in the *Tribune* not because I agree with their judgments, for I do not, any more than I agree with Ruskin that Claude was a botcher; nor because I commend their style, for it seems to me that the writer is much too absolute and dogmatic, and has an unfortunate knack of saying an unpleasant thing in an unpleasant way; but I welcome them because they seem to me an able and honest, and, under the circumstances, even a heroic effort at serious criticism, and I am very sure that you and many other artists entirely misapprehend the spirit in which they are written. And now, will you allow me to end what is meant at least for a friendly letter by capping the last sentence in yours? You say, "The true artist desires nothing more than just criticism." I fully believe it, and also that the true critic desires nothing more than to criticise justly.

Respectfully yours,

George William Curtis.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*May* 18. The House bill defining the pay of officers on the staff of the Lieutenant-General was passed. —The House bill, granting lands to the State of Iowa for railroad purposes was reported with amendments and passed.—The bill to expedite the public printing was passed, with an amendment suspending the printing of the report of the offers received and contracts made for carrying the mails.——*May* 19. Mr. Harding introduced a bill, which was passed, to amend the act of Congress, approved September, 1850, in relation to donations to settlers on the public lands in California.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes on the bill for an erection of a Territorial Government for Montana, made a report which recommends that the Senate recede from its amendment, striking out the words "Every free white inhabitant in the qualification for voters," and inserting "All citizens of the United States and those who have declared their intention to become such," etc. After considerable debate, in which Messrs. Morrill, Hale, Wade, Horton, and Sumner participated, the report of the Committee was adopted, 26 Yeas, 13 Nays.—The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up as unfinished business, but no vote was taken.——*May* 20. A joint resolution was introduced by Mr. Wilson to authorize the President to call out men by draft for one year.—The bill authorizing a mail steamship service between the United States and Brazil was brought up, and after some discussion laid over.——*May* 21. Beyond debating the Pacific Railroad bill, the Senate did nothing of importance.——*May* 23. The bill in relation to naval supplies, which was reported upon adversely by the Naval Committee, was taken up. Mr. Grimes proceeded to defend the bill against the report of the Naval Committee, showing the abuses of the old system and the need of a reform. Mr. Hale and others participated in the discussion, but no vote was taken. —Mr. Morgan introduced a bill that so much of the act for enrolling and calling out the national forces, and acts amendatory thereof, as authorize the discharge of any person from military service by reason of the payment of $300 for the procuration of a substitute or otherwise, be repealed. Provided that nothing contained in this act shall be construed to alter the provisions of the existing laws relative to persons actually furnishing substitutes.—The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up, and, after a brief discussion, was passed.——*May* 24. Mr. Johnson introduced a bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from Lake Superior to Puget Sound.—The Brazil Mail Steamship bill was passed. —The House bill to appoint an additional supervising and two local inspectors of steamboats for collection in the District of East Tennessee was passed.—The internal Revenue bill was discussed at length on the clauses regulating the duties and salaries of officers to be appointed under the law. The amendments of the Finance Committee, which were verbal, were generally agreed to.

House.—*May* 18. Mr. Julian reported a bill, which was passed, providing for the issue of patents to *bona fide* holders of "floats" issued in pursuance of the act of Congress of 1862, relative to Spanish grants in Louisiana.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution heretofore reported from the Committee on Commerce, proposing such action as will insure more perfect reciprocity of trade between the United States and British North American Provinces. Mr. Elijah Ward addressed the House at length on the subject. Various amendments were made, but of no special importance, when the Committee rose, and the bill was reported to the House, but not finally acted upon.——*May* 19. The House passed the Senate bill amendatory of the act authorizing Nevada to form a State Government.—The House took up the Indian Appropriation bill. All the amendments of the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union were concurred in, excepting one reducing the appropriation for the Sioux Indians of Minnesota from $150,000 to $50,000. The bill passed. A long and acrimonious personal debate then ensued, in which Messrs. Dawes, Loan, Julian, and Mallory participated.—Mr. Pike of Maine advocated, and Mr. Arnold of Illinois opposed, the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty. Without taking the question the House adjourned.——*May* 20. Mr. E. C. Ingersoll was introduced as the successor of the late Owen Lovejoy, qualified, and took his seat.—A resolution was offered by Mr. Holman that when the House adjourn it be until Monday, to give the members an opportunity to visit the wounded officers and soldiers, and administer to their wants, which was adopted. —The Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the bill establishing a Territorial Government for Montana made a report, which struck out the Senate's amendment to give the right of suffrage to colored persons. The report was concurred in by a vote of 102 to 26. —A bill was passed reimbursing Professor Ames for damages sustained by the burning of his buildings at Annandale, Virginia.—Mr. Cox asked leave to introduce a bill condemning the action of the authorities in the suspension of the New York *World* and the *Journal of Commerce*, which was objected to by Messrs. Washburne and Farnsworth.——*May* 23. Mr. Dawes reported a resolution that Messrs. Chandler, Segar, and Kitchen, whose claims to seats from Virginia have been rejected, be allowed mileage for one session, and monthly pay till the passage of the resolutions in their respective cases. Mr. Chandler's name was stricken out. The resolution, as thus amended, was adopted.—On motion of Mr. Coffroth it was resolved that, the Senate concurring, both Houses adjourn the session on the 6th of June at noon.—On motion of Mr. Arnold a resolution was adopted, instructing the Committee of the Judiciary to inquire whether any and what legislation is necessary to punish the forgery and publication of official documents, and also what legislation is necessary to punish those who, through the press or otherwise, give information, aid, and comfort to the rebels.—Mr. Pruyn asked leave, on behalf of his friends of the New York delegation, to offer a resolution, That the conduct of the Executive authority of the Government in closing the offices and suppressing the publication of the *World* and *Journal of Commerce* newspapers, in the city of New York, under the circumstances which have been placed before the public, was an act unwarranted in itself, dangerous to the cause of the Union, in violation of the Constitution, and subversive of the principles of civil liberty, and as such is hereby censured by this House. Objection being made, Mr. Pruyn moved a suspension of the rules in order that he might introduce the resolution, but the question was decided in the negative by the following vote: Yeas, 54; Nays, 79.—Mr. Stevens reported the joint explanatory resolution, which was passed, providing that the late law for the temporary increase in duties on imports shall take effect on the 30th instead of the 29th of April. All duties improperly paid to be refunded.—Mr. Stevens reported a bill to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from Lake Superior to Puget's Sound, by the northern route.——*May* 24. Mr. Dawes made a report that William Jayne is not, and that John J. Todd is, entitled to a seat as Delegate from Dakota.—The House took up the Senate's amendments to the National Currency or Bank bill, and concurred in several, disagreeing to others.—Mr. Patterson reported a bill to incorporate the Newsboys' Home, in the District of Columbia, which was passed.—The House resumed the consideration of the Reciprocity Treaty, and Mr. Davis made a speech against the propriety and expediency at this time of giving the notice for the termination of the treaty.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

The movements of General Grant during last week were mainly strategic, though there was considerable fighting. On Wednesday, May 18, the Second Corps advanced against the enemy's right, driving him from two lines of his works and capturing several pieces of artillery. The cannonading was very heavy, but our forces held their ground, with an aggregate loss of one thousand. The Ninth Corps was also engaged on the enemy's left during the day, and succeeded in pushing back the enemy for some distance, but subsequently retired, having gained no considerable advantage.

On Thursday, 19th, every thing was quiet until evening, when an effort was made by Ewell's Corps to turn our right for the purpose of capturing our supply trains. All day long trains, loaded with ordnance and commissary stores, had been passing the point attacked, but fortunately none were within reach at the moment. Tyler's Division, supported by Birney's, was precipitated on the rebel column as impetuously as the nature of the ground permitted, and after a sharp skirmish the latter were driven from the ground with serious loss. The First Maine Heavy Artillery regiment, eighteen hundred strong, and fighting as infantry, charged on the rebel line gallantly, and swept every thing before them after a sharp contest. About 500 prisoners fell into our hands, besides 1250 killed and wounded. Our loss was 150 killed and 750 wounded and missing. Tyler's troops, who chiefly engaged the enemy, were just from Washington, and had never been under fire, but behaved with the greatest gallantry. General Meade gave a prompt recognition of their brave conduct in the following order, issued on Friday:

"The Major-General commanding desires to express his satisfaction with the good conduct of Tyler's Division, Kitching's Brigade of Heavy Artillery, in the affair of yesterday evening. The gallant manner in which these commands, the greater portion being for the first time under fire, met and checked a persistent corps of the enemy, led by one of its best generals, justifies the commendation in this special manner of troops who henceforward will be relied upon as were the tried veterans of the Second and Sixth Corps, at the same time engaged. By command of
"Major-General Meade."

On Friday evening General Grant commenced a movement for the purpose of compelling Lee to abandon his position at Spottsylvania. Details of this movement are very properly suppressed, but it is known that up to Monday, 23d, it had gone forward successfully. Longstreet's Corps started south at 1 o'clock Friday night, an hour and a half after Hancock moved. Ewell's Corps followed Longstreet.

On Saturday General Hancock (Second Corps) reached Guinea's Station, and thence pushed forward to Bowling Green. At Guinea's Station they found some rebel cavalry with a battery of artillery, which they soon dispersed. Our cavalry pursued them, inflicting some loss, while that of our own was very light. At Milford, beyond Bowling Green, our advance met a considerable force of the enemy and drove them through the town. On Sunday night General Hancock had reached a point ten miles south of Bowling Green, on the line of the Mattapony. A bulletin of Secretary Stanton, issued on Tuesday night, says: "A dispatch from General Grant, dated at 11 o'clock Monday night, states that the army had moved from its position to the North Anna, following closely Lee's army. The Fifth and Sixth Corps marched by way of Harris's Store to Jericho Ford, and the Fifth Corps succeeded in effecting a crossing and getting position without much opposition. Shortly after, however, they were violently attacked, and handsomely repulsed the assault without much loss to us. We captured some prisoners."

Another dispatch, giving in detail the movements of our corps, and speaking of the rebel assault on Warren's position, says: "He was attacked with great vehemence. I have never heard more rapid or massive firing either of artillery or musketry. The attack resulted in a destructive repulse of the enemy."

At the position attacked by Hancock the rebels were intrenched, and in considerable force between the creek he had crossed and the river, and made a pertinacious resistance to his onset; but before dark he had forced them from their works and driven them across the stream. It is also said that in these engagements the slaughter of the enemy was very great. Our losses were inconsiderable. The rebels charged against our artillery, and suffered especially from canister.

A dispatch from General Grant, dated at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, has also been received. It states that the enemy have fallen back from the North Anna, and we are in pursuit. Negroes who have come in say that Lee is falling back to Richmond.

Other official dispatches from head-quarters say that Warren, Burnside, and Hancock are pushing forward after the retreating army. Warren captured a good number of prisoners on Monday evening, but has not had time to count them or ascertain his loss.

Hancock is storming the rifle-pits this side of the river. On Monday evening he also took between 100 and 200 prisoners, and drove many rebels into the river, where they were drowned.

On the 23d, Secretary Stanton made the following official announcement in reference to the condition and movements of the Army of the Potomac: "Official reports of this Department show that within eight days after the great battle at Spottsylvania Court House, many thousand veteran troops have been forwarded to General Grant. The whole army has been amply supplied with full rations of subsistence. Upward of twenty thousand sick and wounded have been transported from the field of battle to the Washington hospitals, and placed under surgical care. Over eight thousand prisoners have been transported from the field to prison dépôts, and large amounts of artillery and other implements of an active campaign brought away. Several thousand fresh cavalry horses have been forwarded to the army, and the grand Army of the Potomac is now fully as strong in numbers, and better equipped, supplied, and furnished than when the campaign opened. Several thousand reinforcements have also been forwarded to other armies in the field, and ample supplies to all. During the same time over 30,000 volunteers for 100 days have been mustered into the service, clothed, armed, equipped, and transported to their respective positions.

GENERAL BUTLER'S MOVEMENTS.

General Butler, who at the close of last week's report had closed in around Fort Darling on the James River, was interrupted in his operations on Monday the 16th inst. by a fierce attack of the enemy, who had concentrated a strong force. In the early morning, under cover of a fog so dense as to limit vision to the distance of a few yards, the enemy fell upon the right of our line of battle with the force of an avalanche, completely crushing it backward, and turning our flank, as two days before we had turned theirs. Their advantage, however, was but temporary, for our veterans quickly recovered from the sudden shock, and drove their assailants back beyond the line of the attack. The fighting thus unceremoniously commenced, continued with more or less briskness throughout the day, and the losses on both sides were severe. Our loss is estimated at not less than 1500 to 2000 in killed, wounded, and missing. The day's operations resulted in our entire army being ordered to return from its advanced position, within 10 miles of Richmond, to the line of defense known as Bermuda Hundred, between the James and Appomattox rivers. Here the troops securely encamped, having buried their dead, and brought from the battle-field in perfect order their wounded and all their supplies. Heckman's brigade suffered very heavily, and General Heckman himself was captured. We took some 300 prisoners, but lost four guns. The enemy the next day appeared in front of General Butler's works, and heavy skirmishing was continued, with loss on both sides, during Wednesday and Thursday. On Thursday night the enemy assaulted a line of rifle-pits along the centre of our intrenchments, but was repulsed. On Friday the attack was renewed, and our skirmishers were driven out of the pits after a desperate fight. The possession of the line thus lost being essential to our position, a determined effort to retake it was made by our forces, which was partially successful, the right of the line being reoccupied. During this engagement artillery was used on both sides, and the loss was heavy. We took a number of prisoners, among whom was Major-General Walker of South Carolina, who had temporary command of a brigade, and was dangerously wounded. On Friday night our troops, with a view of diverting the enemy, made an attack on the right, and on Saturday firing was continued from the batteries until 10 o'clock, after which it ceased, and the remainder of the day was occupied on both sides in erecting additional defense. On Sunday and Monday all was quiet, the enemy being engaged in burying their dead.

The purpose of the enemy in closing in upon General Butler is evidently to hold in check any movement of ours until they can re-establish railroad communication with Petersburg and North Carolina.

The enemy have refused to exchange General Heckman for General Walker.

GENERAL KAUTZ'S RAID.

General Kautz returned from his raid southward on the 17th. He destroyed the dépôts at Walthal Junction and Chester Station on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad; demolished a dépôt and large number of cars at the coal-mines and Tomahawk Station on the Richmond and Danville road: burned a locomotive, train of cars, and railroad buildings at Powhatan on the same road; destroyed a large number of buildings and cars, with immense amounts of stores, on the line of the South Side road, and broke most effectually the line of the Petersburg and Weldon road. At all the stations where the expedition halted to destroy dépôts the railroad track was torn up for several miles on each side. Bridges were leveled not only on the railroads, but on several turnpikes.

There were large quantities of commissary stores all along the line of the road, which were rendered thoroughly useless for the Confederates.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

General Sherman's campaign still goes forward successfully. The movements of his army may be summed up as follows: On the 9th of May General M'Pherson crossed Chattanooga Mountain through Snake Creek Gap, directly threatening the enemy's railroad communications from Dalton to Rome and Atlanta. Generals Schofield and Newton at the same time marched toward Dalton from the east, the remainder of the army skirmishing all along the line in order to divert the enemy's attention from their flanks. On the 10th M'Pherson established himself upon the railroad one mile south of Resaca, and Schofield and Newton fought without result on the left around the mouth of Buzzard Roost Gap. On the 11th there was heavy skirmishing, but no general engagement. On the 12th M'Pherson and Hooker were strengthened on the right by the Fourteenth Corps (Palmer's) and Newton's Division of the Fourth Corps; and the enemy's position having been discovered, on the 14th skirmishing began early in the morning and continued incessantly throughout the day all along the line. During the day Howard joined the army and our whole force was thus brought in line. In the afternoon an attempt was made to break the enemy's centre, but did not succeed, though his outer works were taken and held for a time. Subsequently the rebels attempted to turn our left and heavy fighting ensued, in which we were worsted, though inflicting serious loss on the enemy. At the same moment a fierce conflict raged on our right, where Morgan L. Smith's and Osterhaus's Divisions, of Logan's Corps, with Sprague's Brigade, of Veatche's Division of the Sixteenth Corps, charged the line of rebel rifle-pits a little to the right of and in sight of Resaca, and intrepidly carried them. This was about seven P.M. An hour afterward the rebel leaders, massing a large force, attempted to regain possession of these works. Coming boldly up the long hill to the very foot of the works they seemed determined to retake them or perish; but they were met by a determination as stern as their own. After struggling desperately the rebel host was hurled down the hill, leaving its sides covered with wounded and dead. Our men continued to hold this work, which the rebels never regained.

On Sunday morning, 15th, firing commenced as usual, but nothing of particular importance occurred until about one P.M. At that time a determined charge was made by Hooker's corps, which now occupied our left—Palmer, Howard, and Schofield having been shifted toward the right to fill up the gap occasioned by Hooker's withdrawal the day before. The enemy were driven from a portion of their second lines, and Wood's brigade, of Butterfield's division, stormed a small fort and took a battery of four guns. The rebels, however, having massed on this part of the line very heavily the day before, our men were exposed to so deadly a fire from the inner works that they were compelled to withdraw. Part of them continued to hold the small fort and kept possession of the four rebel guns. Notwithstanding this repulse, our line was now advanced to what had been the first rebel line of works. Thus had we held our own in the centre and gained substantial and permanent advantage on both wings. For this, and other reasons, the enemy thought best to retire, and on Sunday night evacuated the place with his entire army, leaving only three guns and some stores of meat and corn behind. His ammunition and supply trains were burned.

Our losses in our operations in front of Resaca were six hundred killed, three thousand wounded, and four hundred missing. We killed and wounded two thousand of the enemy and took four thousand prisoners. Four of our Brigadier-Generals were wounded—Harker, slightly; Kilpatrick, painfully; Manson, seriously; Willich, it is feared, mortally. Three general officers of the rebels are known to have been killed.

Our trophies were one stand of colors and seven pieces of artillery.

On the 16th the pursuit of the enemy was commenced, the latter offering a feeble resistance. On the 18th Davis's Division of the Fourteenth Corps occupied Rome, some twenty-five miles southwest of Resaca, and the rest of the army, rapidly pushing forward, on the 19th, took possession of Kingston, ten miles southeast of Rome, and Cassville, still south of Kingston, establishing itself in force on the line of the Etowah River, running nearly east and west, some distance below Kingston. Our forces were then rested, preparatory to other movements.

OPERATIONS IN SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA.

In the southwestern part of Virginia important successes have been achieved by Generals Crook and Averill, who fought three battles in the vicinity of Newbern, Pulaski County, with the forces under Generals Morgan, Sam Jones, and A. G. Jenkins, gaining a complete victory over the enemy, who lost six hundred killed and wounded, three hundred prisoners, and two guns. General A. G. Jenkins fell into our hands, mortally wounded. Our loss was four hundred killed and wounded. A large railroad bridge over New River, at Newbern, with several miles of track, was completely destroyed. By these operations the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad has been rendered entirely useless to the enemy.

THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN.

A dispatch from Admiral Porter, dated "on board the flag-ship *Black Hawk*, mouth of Red River, May 16," states that the portion of the squadron above the falls at Alexandria have been released from their unpleasant position, owing to the indefatigable exertions of Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, Acting Engineer of the Nineteenth Army Corps, who proposed and built a tree-dam of 600 feet across the river at the lower falls, which enabled all the vessels to pass in safety, the back water of the Mississippi reaching Alexandria, and allowing them to pass over all the shoals and the obstructions planted by the enemy to a point of safety.

An unofficial report from Cairo, dated May 22, says that the army and gun-boats were all safe at the mouth of the Red River and Semmesport.

Our forces evacuated Alexandria last week and moved toward Sellsport. The officers of steamer *Laurel Hill*, which had arrived at New Orleans, state they distinctly heard cannonading from the direction our forces had taken. A portion of Alexandria was burning when the *Laurel Hill* left.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Several Federal gun-boats have reached Fredericksburg. The railroad from that point to Aquia Creek has been repaired, and trains are now running. Over 25,000 veteran troops have reached General Grant since the great engagement of the 12th. The losses in the Fifth Corps since the movement began are as follows: Killed, 1240; wounded, 11,570; missing, 1120; total, 13,930. Less missing there than in any other corps. The stragglers are estimated at about 12,000 in the whole army. Nearly all these have been returned to the ranks.

An expedition recently sent up the St. John's River, Florida, captured 1000 head of cattle, some horses, and other valuable property.

General Banks has been ordered to report at New Orleans.

General Sigel has been removed from his command in the Shenandoah Valley, and Major-General Hunter placed in command of the Department of Western Virginia, including the Shenandoah.

The town of Tampa, on the west coast of Florida, and commanding Tampa Bay, has been captured by the Union forces.

It is now said to be certain that the enemy captured, in Arkansas, the whole of General Steele's train, consisting of 1200 wagons.

The rebel steamer *Florida* sailed from Bermuda on the 14th, after landing an officer who was sick, and stood to the northward. She reported having burned a New York ship from Callao about three weeks previous.

In the late capture of Yazoo City by General M'Arthur the rebels are said to have been badly worsted, and lost largely in killed and wounded. Between 20,000 and 30,000 bales of cotton are reported in the vicinity of Yazoo City.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE SCHLESWIG WAR.

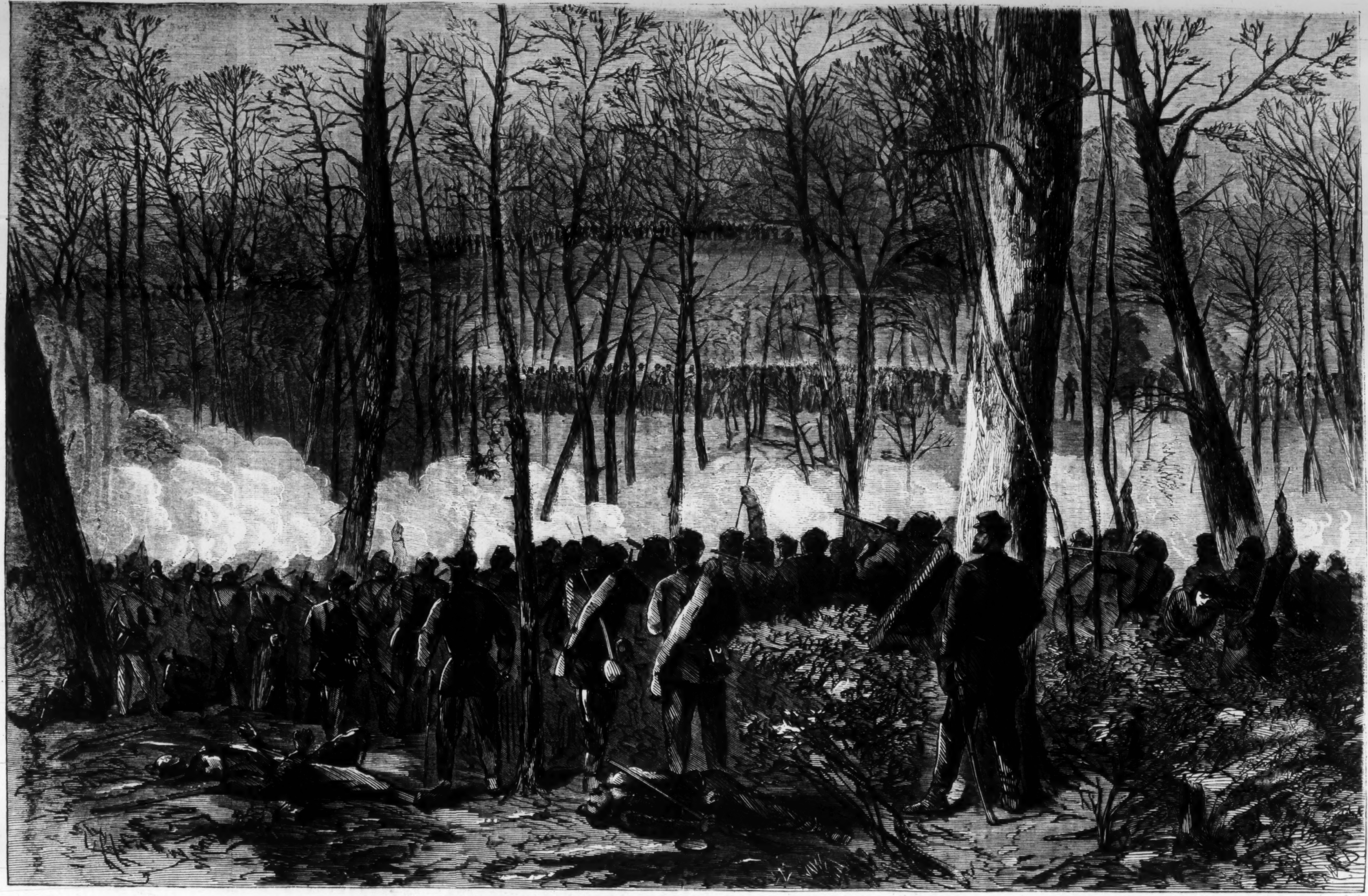
A naval engagement between the German and Danish war vessels was fought on the 3d instant off Heligstand. The Germans had one hundred and seventy men killed and wounded, and the Danes fifty-three wounded and one killed. The Danish ships were not injured. The German squadron was at Cuxhaven at the latest dates, and the Danes had sailed for Norway. It was thought in Vienna that the London Conference would arrange a peace, but elsewhere no such hope was entertained. The Ministers of Justice and Interior in Denmark had resigned, in consequence of the King having agreed to a suspension of the blockade. The fortifications of Fredericia were leveled by the Allies.

MOVEMENTS IN THE EAST.

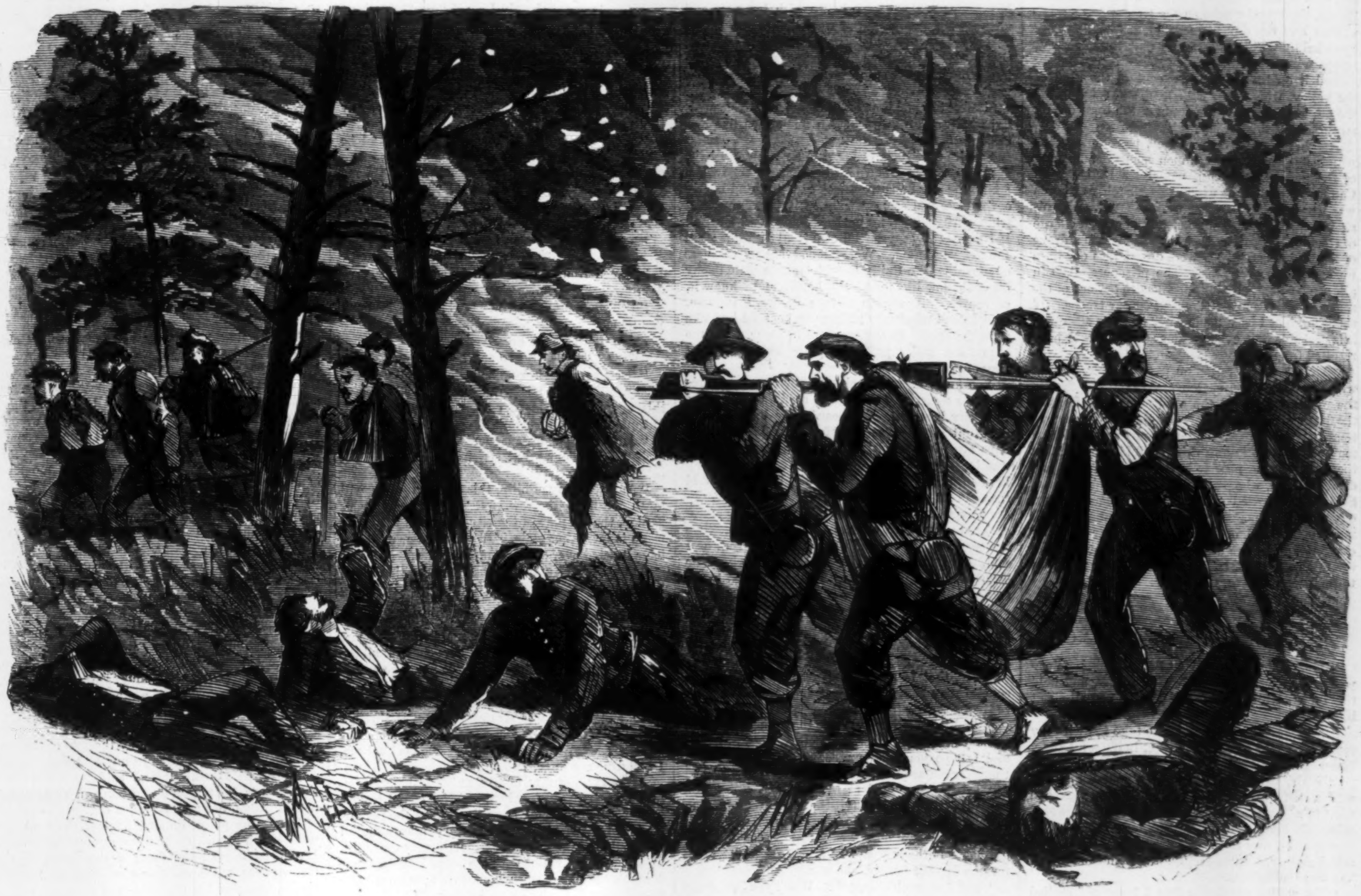
It was said that Russia had concentrated an army of sixty thousand men at the mouth of the Danube, that Austria had sent twenty-five thousand men to the frontier of Servia, and that the Turkish army in the Roumelia was to be increased to one hundred and fifty thousand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Emperor and Empress of Mexico touched at Madeira on the 29th of April, and sailed the same day for Vera Cruz.



MAJOR-GENERAL WADSWORTH FIGHTING IN THE WILDERNESS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 357.]



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—OUR WOUNDED ESCAPING FROM THE FIRES IN THE WILDERNESS.

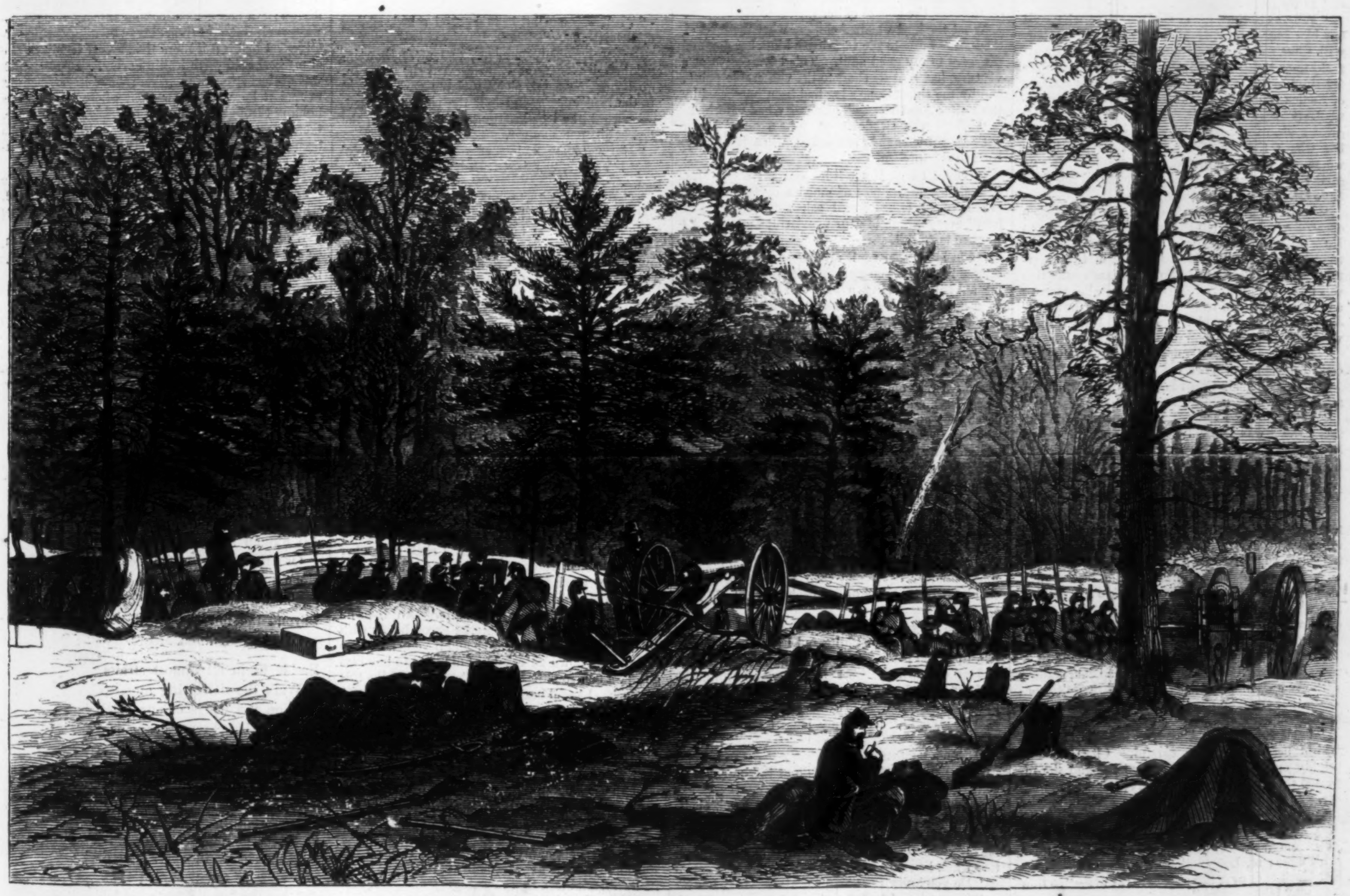
[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on page 356 a striking sketch of the engagement of General WADSWORTH'S Division of the Army of the Potomac in the Wilderness near Chancellorsville, showing where the lamented WADSWORTH fell at the head of his command. The sketch gives a good idea of the almost impenetrable nature of the Wilderness, and of the disadvantages under which our soldiers fought.

On this page we give an illustration presenting the place where SEDGWICK was killed. General SEDGWICK was shot by a sharp-shooter, of whom the General a moment before remarked to an officer, "That fellow, at that distance, can't hit an elephant." General SEDGWICK at the time was standing at the foot of the tree on the right.

We also give a sketch showing Generals HANCOCK and WRIGHT fighting, on the 12th, for the rifle-pits of the enemy. This picture gives a gen-



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCENE OF GENERAL SEDGWICK'S DEATH.

[FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.]

eral view of the battle-field in front of the Landrum House, the breast-works on the right being our advanced line the day before, and those on the left the rebel line, which was a very powerful one. Our troops were massed along under its cover, having turned it on its defenders, except at the head of the valley, where they still held one side and we the other. This was the scene of the most deadly struggle that this campaign has seen.

Another picture, on page 360, presents a scene which has been very common since the opening of the present campaign; namely, a Dull Day in Camp. The time at which this sketch was taken was six o'clock in the evening. Mr. Waud's sketch of the capture of rebel prisoners by a charge of General Wright's Corps shows how like a drove of frightened cattle they were driven into our lines by our gallant veterans. The prisoners, 1200 in all, came along pell-mell, anxious to get out of the range of their compatriots firing on our troops. If this charge had been made earlier in the afternoon it is probable that even greater success would have resulted from it.

Of another illustration on page 357 Mr. Waud, who furnishes these sketches, says: "The fires in the woods, caused by the explosion of shells, and the fires made for cooking, spreading around, caused some terrible suffering. It is not supposed that many lives were lost in this horrible manner; but there were some poor fellows, whose wounds had disabled them, who perished in that dreadful flame. Some were carried off by the ambulance corps, others in blankets suspended to four muskets, and more by the aid of sticks, muskets, or even by crawling. The fire advanced on all sides through the tall grass, and, taking the dry pines, raged up to their tops."

AUNT HEPZIE'S WARNING.

"You wanted to hear about the warning? Very well, then; toss me that bundle, please, and hold this zephyr while I wind, and I'll tell you all about it."

Aunt Hepzie had come over to take tea with my mother, and the two were sitting, in cheerful state, before the parlor fire; aunty was arrayed in her pontificals, her best alpaca gown and silk apron, with a stiff cap, which always came in a box and went in a box, and during the interregnum towered sublimely upon its owner's head.

"Is there any thing of interest in the village?" asked mother. Aunt Hepzie was from the village. We were suburbans.

"No, nothin' partikelar that I know of," replied my aunt, conscientiously, at the same time adjusting her knitting sheath. "I think our church is in an awful condition."

"Why do you? I thought they had seemed very united the last year," remarked mother.

"United! Oh dear yes, Deacon Hall he say we're all froze together. Oh, he talked beautiful about it 't the last Confrence meetin'. Said he wondered the storms that come down on Sodom and Gomorrer didn't visit us. Oh, it's o' the Lord's mercy that we ain't consumed, every one on us!" and aunty gave a deep sigh.

"Why as to that, it's of God's mercy we have all our blessings, isn't it Hephzibah?" replied mother, with some energy. She never relished aunty's attacks upon times and people; and she went on, "As for thinking that we are in any danger of the fate of Sodom, I don't; I don't even think we are particularly deserving of it. No doubt we have all great reason to be humble on account of our sins; but what's the use of saying that we live in the worst age, and among the worst people? It's no such thing! For my part, I'm thankful my lines have fallen in such pleasant places."

"Well, Susan, I'm glad ef you can take such a cheerful view on't! but that warn't the way Deacon Hall talked. An' speakin' o' him reminds me; they do say 't Clarissy Hall's reely goin' to be married. They borried Miss Squire Jones's cake tins this mornin'. Borryin' them cake tins allers means a weddin'; right off too. An' that makes me think"—aunty was fairly under way now. I knew there would be no intermission until tea time.

"D'ye know that Squire Jones's nephew had come up from New York to spend the summer?"

"No. We hadn't heard of it. What nephew?" asked mother.

"Why, young Farley. You remember his mother; she 't was Lecty Jones. She married a Farley, an' they went off down country some wheres to live, an' this is her son."

"Ah yes, I remember his mother perfectly. Well, this will be very pleasant for Mrs. Jones."

"Pleasant for the girls, you'd better say! Master hand he is for the girls, they tell me, and I shouldn't wonder. Come up here for his health indeed! Don't believe a word of it. I see him to meetin' 'long o' Miss Jones, an' he looked well 'nough, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin'. All pink and white. Well, I know one thing! Ef I was a girl I wouldn't speak to him with all his airs. The upstart!" and aunty made an emphatic pause. There was a silence broken only by the clicking of two sets of knitting-needles. I had a book, reading with my eyes and hearing with my ears, quite conscious that the present subject was supposed to have bearings upon myself.

"I tell you," began Aunt Hepzie again, sturdily, "girls better be pretty careful. City beaus is mighty onsartain—mighty onsartain," and she repeated the words to render them still more impressive. "All they care for country girls is to kite about an' hev a good time with 'em here, an' when they get back to the city they don't think no more about 'em 'n they do about last year's robins—not a whit more; so, Loizy"—here she sent a shot from her black eyes over her spectacles at me—"so now you may take warnin'."

"Thank you, aunty, but I don't think it will be needed. Pink and white people aren't just my style, you know," I said.

Just out of the city there was a grand old place with bay-windows and balconies, fountains and flowers. That was the Farley place. Up on the hill there was a brown house with low roof and vine-covered porch. That was our house. Philip Farley's father owned ships on sea and blocks on shore. Mine had gone to sleep years ago under the tangle of wild brier and golden-rod up in the church-yard.

Six feet tall and broad-shouldered, with blue eyes, light hair, and a beard golden and silken like embroidery floss—that's Philip.

You see how little and dark I am; and my hair, did you ever see it down? Look at me then when I take the combs out. Black as night, and nearly covers me, you see. "Vain of it," you say? A trifle, perhaps. Why not? I know it's beautiful. If I were pretty myself I'd own it all the same; but I'm not, you know. Wasn't it odd that a great mass of sunshine like Philip should fancy a little dusky bit of shadow like me? But he did, and I knew it, of course. A woman always knows, I suppose. And I don't mind now telling you that I liked him from the first. In fact we were in love; I use the expression under protest, because it's the briefest way of putting it.

You know there is a class of our country people who, for some reason or other, are inimical toward their city brethren. You can easily imagine that my Aunt Hepzie was one of these. It was a few days after her tea-drinking at our house that she was bustling about one bright morning in her tidy kitchen, and that kitchen, by-the-by, you should see. From silver spoon down to brass kettle, every thing shines. It would be a work of supererogation to introduce mirrors into that house, when one may see one's face in every thing. But, as I said, Aunt Hepzie was in the kitchen when she heard a "skrimping noise," as she reported to me subsequently, with a vigor of diction peculiarly her own, and turning, she was aware of a figure standing in the doorway.

"Mrs. Sinclair, I think," said the stranger, with a bow.

"Yes, that is my name," replied auntie, more concise than suave. "What did he want to come to the back door for?" she thought.

"And mine is Farley," said the young man; "I think you used to know my mother, Mrs. Sinclair; and I hope you'll let me come and see you sometimes for old acquaintance's sake."

"I'd be very glad to see you, I'm sure," said aunty, a little less stiffly—the chivalrous bearing of the visitor was not lost upon the hostess.

"My aunt sent over this basket of roots from her garden. Perhaps you will allow me to set them for you in your border," he said.

"Oh, I'm much obleeged! Won't you just come in and sit down a minute?"

And the young man crossed the kitchen, flinging his broad-brimmed straw-hat upon the white table, tossing back his curls, and then seizing upon the dozing cat:

"Wake up here, puss, and see your friends!" he said, holding the astonished quadruped at arms-length by the nape of her neck. "And, by-the-by, Mrs. Sinclair, how is your dog Beppo? I heard that some rascallion had broken the old fellow's leg for him."

"Yes, indeed!" said Aunt Hepzie, and she went on to detail the abuses of her favorite.

What the heel was to Achilles, what the joint of the harness was to the Israelitish king, her dog and cat were to my good aunt. This bow, drawn at a venture, had sent its shaft to the vulnerable point; and by the time Beppo's leg had been bandaged by the visitor Aunt Hepzie's animosity had vanished.

"Won't you sit down an' take a bit o' dinner with an old woman?" she asked, when they came back to the kitchen.

"Indeed I will, if you'll let me: privately, Mrs. Sinclair"—and his face assumed a confidential expression—"I hoped you'd ask me, because I've heard every where of your wonderful butter, and I want to taste it."

"Oh, bless your soul, my butter ain't nothin' to brag of! When you go home though, you remind me an' I'll send 'long a ball on't to Miss Jones. Your aunt she's allers talkin' about my butter."

And so Aunt Hepzie, fairly conquered by good-nature, laid down her arms, and was no more to be ranked among belligerent powers. And so, I suppose, she forgot her "warning," but not so I. There was not one of all those summer afternoons when Philip and I sat reading together on the porch, not an hour of all those remembered hours when we went floating down the river, when I for one moment forgot. Neither did I forget my mother's story of her beautiful young sister: "Lucy, aged eighteen," the head-stone said, whose heart a noble lover had held and treasured, until, one day, there came a gay suitor from the city and stole the prize, and afterward trampled upon it. I remembered it all, and I said to myself many times in the day that it was only for a little while—only for those summer days, and then I was sure things could easily be made to fall back into the old line again.

It was May when Aunt Hepzie came to tea. It was September when Philip and I stood, one evening, upon the porch. The woodbine was crimson, and away down the west the day was burning itself out behind golden bars. We had been riding up on the hills to see the sun set.

"Good-night," I said, my hand upon the latch of the door.

"Stop a moment, Lou!"

And I turned, startled a little at the quick, peremptory tone.

"Your servant, Sir," and I made a mock obeisance.

Philip stood pulling the leaves from the vine, and his face was very white. I think mine was white too, when he said:

"Do you know I'm going back to-morrow, Lou?"

"Back where?" Of course I knew, but I had lies plenty in my right hand that night.

"Home. Back to New York, and God knows where then—into the army, perhaps," speaking quickly.

"Well, it has been a very pleasant summer," I said, carelessly enough. And then no one spoke, and it was very still, only I could hear the rushing of the brook in the glen.

"Is that all you have to say to me before I go, Lou?" he asked.

"I never bid my friends good-by. It isn't pleasant. Of course I wish you a delightful journey," I replied, coolly. "I don't recollect that I've any thing more to say."

"Well, I have, then, to say to you." And he pulled a handful of crimson leaves, and flung them, a shower of flame, upon my black habit. "Lou! you must know it—I love you. I will not bid you good-by for long. You must tell me when I am to come back and claim my wife."

> "'O rank is good, and gold is fair,
> And *rich* and *poor* mate ill,'"

I hummed from a ballad we had read that very day.

"Lou, how provoking you are! But why don't you go on?

> "'But love has never known a law
> Beyond his own sweet will.'"

"Because mine is common-sense, and yours is poetry. The latter is wretchedly out of place in this everyday world of ours, but common-sense, fortunately, is coin current the world over."

"And do common-sense and poetry never go together, I wonder? But seriously, Lou, you must listen to me."

"And seriously, Philip, this is folly. You will blush for it to-morrow. Besides, begging your pardon, the old play of the city lover and the rustic lassie is becoming stale. If you please, we'll not have it acted over again at my expense."

"Stop, Lou!" and he spoke sternly this time, "this is too much for a man to bear. Can't you be in earnest?"

"I am in earnest."

"Tell me, then," and he took a step nearer me, speaking fiercely. His black figure shut out all the glowing sky. "Tell me, child, do you love me?"

"No."

He stood still an instant, then his hand touched mine, and then I was straining my eyes through the darkness where he was disappearing among the trees. I went in and closed the door behind me. I had done my duty, I thought.

And next morning, of all that bright happy summer there remained only a handful of red leaves, broken off, and drying upon the floor of the porch.

And I? Of course I was very miserable. I never stopped to think; only sometimes in the night, up in my little room, with the stars looking at me through the one dormer window. Daytimes there were things enough to keep off thought.

The morning Philip went away we sat at breakfast and I heard the whistle of the train. Something hard came into my throat. I thought, "He is gone, and he was more to me than all the world." I *said*, "Isn't it nearly time to begin house-cleaning, mother?"

"I was thinking of that last night. It's past the middle of the month," and mother threw a searching glance across to my face. "Saul among the prophets," her countenance said. I had never been notable—the contrary rather. I cared more for my books.

"Then why not begin to-day?" I asked, adding enthusiastically, "I like house-cleaning!"

Mother looked incredulous, and more than incredulous looked Aunt Hepzie when she came in, two hours afterward, and found the parlor carpet up, the books down, and half the chairs inverted, their sword-like legs bristling at each other in the most belligerent manner.

"Mercy to me, Loizy, ef you ain't a cleanin' house!" and aunty raised both hands in consternation.

"Certainly; and why not, aunty?"

"Why not, indeed! Pretty time for you to be askin' that question; but better late 'n no time."

My want of domesticity had been a great trial to my affectionate kin, and to none a greater than to Aunt Hepzie.

"'Spose you knew 't Philip Farley had gone off this morning?" and aunty excavated a seat for herself among the books in the great chair.

"I knew he was intending to go soon," I replied, unconcernedly, as I mounted a table and began taking down curtains.

"Yes, he's gone. He come over to bid me good-by, an' I do declare 't I reely pitied the fellow; he acted so sorter down in the mouth. Somethin' gone wrong now, I tell you. He stood there on my doorstone, an' sez I to him, 'I hope you'll be here again next summer, Mr. Philip;' and he said, 'I don't know when I shall ever come again, Aunt Hepzie.' Then I laughed, an' told him most likely he wouldn't never want to come and see us. 'You'll forget all about us when you get along with your grand city folks,' sez I; an' to my dyin' day I shall remember how he looked when he said, 'We don't forget so easily, my good friend; but I wish to Heaven I could forget the last three months, although they have been the happiest of my life.' An' then he never said another word, only he shook hands with me and went out o' the yard; and if you can b'leve it, I just sat down an' cried. I did hate to hev him go; he's ben so chipper round 'mong our folks this summer. Lawful heart, Loizy! what hev ye done? Smashed yer fingers all to nothin'? Can't ye handle a hammer better 'n that, child?"

"Never mind, it's nothing," I said. I had crushed my finger, and the blood was streaming. The pain was a relief. I sat down, *in medias res*, to bind up the wound.

"That's right, dear; do it straight up in the blood. Better 'n any salve that is to cure a hurt," said Aunt Hepzie.

"Thank you, aunty; I'll try your recipe." It was more than a finger wound that I bound up in its own fresh blood that morning.

"Where's your mother?"

"In the garden, I think."

"Well, I've brought her over a bundle o' valerian. She was tellin' on me that she was troubled to sleep o nights. Hain't ye minded, Loizy, how pale your mother's ben a gettin' lately?"

"No; I hadn't noticed." And I cursed my blindness when I saw upon her face that night the same look which, years before, my father's had worn.

That winter she died. It was New-Year's morning when, all along the country side, women stood out upon their door-steps, silent, listening, counting, while the bell tolled the years of my mother's life. During the storm and the darkness of that winter night her spirit had gone out and up, and the heavens had received her out of my sight. I was alone. A few weeks, and my solitary, aimless life became intolerable. Small as I am, I am strong of body and iron of nerve. You know there are places where such women are needed to-day, and in a month I was a hospital nurse.

Not one of your city hospitals was it; but a large building, with windows looking every way; with plenty of God's blue heaven above, and plenty of his fresh air wafted through it—a place to sleep, to rest, to grow strong, and, if God so willed, to die in.

A September day was nearing its close. Golden lights and violet shadows flecked the Virginia hills. How calm and still it was over there toward the sunset! and yet, just beyond those hills, yesterday, a fierce battle had raged. All day long those weary hospital trains had brought us loads of wounded and dying; but now, with the twilight, came a peaceful hush through all the wards. I stood still a moment by an open window. Those moments of rest were rare enough now. It was just a year that night since Philip went away. Did he remember? I wondered. I couldn't help this wonder sometimes, though I had tried to put it all by.

"This way a moment, Miss Sinclair, if you're not busy!" It was Dr. Mills who spoke. "I want a steady hand," he continued, as I followed him down the room. "A bad case, very bad case! A young Captain, wounded yesterday, busy all day giving orders about his men, and now there must be an amputation;" and we went on.

"What is it, Freddie?" A little brown-haired drummer-boy put out his hand as I passed his cot.

"Are you too tired to write to my mother to-night, please?"

"No, my boy, I'll come back in half an hour;" and the next instant I stood by the side of the new patient. The assistant-surgeon was there. "Chloroform?" he asked. "No," said Dr. Mills; and then to me, "Are you strong enough to hold this arm? The other is to be taken off."

I took my place, bracing against the wall. It was a slender hand, with fingers straight and round. I glanced toward the face; a handkerchief was thrown over it, the impulse of a brave man, in his agony, to conceal the writhings of pain.

"Take charge of this for a few days, will you?" and I started slightly as Dr. Mills handed me a pocket-photograph case. It was like the one Philip used to carry, and, as I took it, one red-leaf fluttered to the floor.

"Are we all ready?" asked Dr. Mills, and that instant a little red gleam from the open sleeve of the wounded man sent a sudden sickness all over me.

"Wait a moment, please," I begged.

My own coral bracelet! There was no mistaking it, for the trinket was of curious carving, and quaint design; "a heathenish-looking thing," mother always said—brought from abroad by a sea-faring relative. I had lost it more than a year before in one of my boat-rides with Philip Farley. I supposed it was at the bottom of the river; I had never thought to find it here. I knew then whose hand I was holding through that fearful struggle; knew more, that, through those weary months, while I had been trying to forget, he, during all the turmoil and tumult of a soldier's life, had never forgotten.

Half an hour afterward I went back to my little drummer-boy. "Why, Miss Sinclair," he said, "how handsome you've grown! What makes you look so happy?"

"I've found my best friend, Freddie!" I said. The letter to his mother was a cheerful one that night.

You know the rest; how, as soon as Philip was strong enough, we came home—a pleasant home to come to, wasn't it? But there's the tea-bell, and there's Philip coming up the walk. Oh, one thing more! Do you know Aunt Hepzie is coming to pay us a visit next month—coming to see the results of her "warning," I suppose!

In front of Dalton, Georgia,
May 12, 1864.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

God never leaveth utterly
The world that He hath rounded;
All human stress is by the sea
Of His dear pity bounded.
Upon no Israel, to its ill,
The grip of Pharoah closes,
Beyond the liberating skill
Of some anointed Moses.

Beside us in all utmost straits
Walk the delivering angels,
And on the wings of our black hates
Ride His supreme evangels.
In riotous glut of wrongs abhorred
A people's shame increases,
When lo! some prophet draws his sword
And cleaves the lie in pieces.

O leader of our sacred cause,
Twin sharer in our sadness,
Defender of the trampled laws
From perjured felon's madness—
In all our press of mortal strife,
Our weariness and weeping,
Our hearts thank God our country's life
Is in thine honest keeping!

So blithe amid the cares of state,
So calm 'mid howling faction,
Clear-souled to hasten or to wait,
As fits the largest action;
With joyance like a little child's
Along thy grave moods straying,
And breezes as from heather wilds
In every cheery saying.

God bless the reverent lips that spake
The one grand WORD whose thunder
Thrilled all the gladdened heavens, and brakė
Our damned chains asunder!
God bless the patient hand that traced
The golden, glorious pages
Whereby our lost crowns are replaced
For immemorial ages!

We follow where thou leadest; for
Beyond the tribulation
That drapes these dreadful years of war
We see a newer Nation,
Through balmy days of greatening power
And nights of calm ascension,
Expand into the perfect flower
Of God's divine intention.

Richard Realf,
88th Illinois Infantry.

A LEGEND OF LEAP YEAR.

"Harry! Harry!"

Through the bounding pulses of the delicious waltz that filled the air, horn and viol, and mellow ophicleide, Meta Beck's little voice reached Major Keith's ear. He skillfully whirled his partner into a seat, said a word or two of excuse, and worked his way through billows of crépe and tarlatan to the fair-haired damsel who was beckoning him into the secluded shadow of a curtained bay-window.

"What is it, Meta?"

"Stoop down, Harry!" said Meta Beck, in a mysterious whisper; "I've something very particular to tell you."

"Oh, you have," said Harry, meaningly. It's Leap Year, Miss Beck, and if you have any propositions to make I shall most assuredly say 'Yes.'"

"Nonsense!" said Meta, coloring just enough to look prettier than ever. "I wish you would be serious for just half a minute, Harry!"

"Well, I *am* serious," laughed the young man, leaning up against the window, so that his gold army buttons were just on a level with Meta's blue eyes; "Now what is your unfathomable mystery?"

"There's to be a surprise party to-morrow evening!"

"Where?"

"At your rooms in the —— Hotel."

Major Keith elevated his eyebrows deprecatingly.

"But, Meta, how on earth am I to entertain forty young people in bachelor quarters?"

"That is for you to decide, Sir," said Meta, laughing mischievously at his evident perplexity. "The girls are all so delighted at the prospect of taking you by surprise, and the gentlemen declare it will be capital fun!"

"I'm much obliged to 'em," said Harry, dryly.

"But mind!" said Meta, holding up a warning finger, "you're never to tell that I gave you a hint of their intentions."

"I won't, Meta, upon my word—you are the sweetest little friend in the world, and I don't know what I should do without your kind offices," said Keith, fervently.

But through all the melodious tumult of the band, and all the merry confusion that filled the ball-room, Harry Keith kept pondering on the intended "raid" of the morrow's night.

The fire was burning brightly in the grate the next morning, for Mr. Job Keith liked a salamander sort of atmosphere, even though the May sun was wooing late violets into bloom in country meadow slopes, and the thermometer laughed at fires—and Mr. Job's newspaper was airing in its red glimmer, to say nothing of Mr. Job's breakfast—broiled chickens, fresh-laid eggs, and coffee, whose delicious fragrance was enough to waft an epicure into the seventh heaven of gastronomic delight—upon the table, and his velvet slippers set mathematically straight in the left-hand corner of the rug.

After these details is it necessary to state that Mr. Job Keith was an old bachelor?

"Parlor, dressing-rooms, two bedrooms," quoth Harry, viewing the apartments critically as he stood at the window whistling softly in inward perplexity. "I might do pretty tolerably well if it wasn't for Uncle Job. Uncle Job don't approve of pretty girls, Champagne, or boned turkey—he will spoil the fun completely! Uncle Job must be got rid of!"

Harry enunciated this murderous sentiment with a sort of cold-blooded despair, adding, "And *how* he's to be got rid of I don't know."

The words were yet on his lips when the door opened, and in walked the identical Uncle Job—a pursy little man of about forty, with a shining bald head and round-orbed spectacles.

"I'm late this morning, Harry—I know I'm late," he began, stirring the fire; "but I didn't sleep two hours last night. That confounded chambermaid put the flannel blanket over the chintz comforter instead of under it, and I'm quite sure she has taken at least two ounces of feathers out of the pillow!"

"Indeed!" said Harry, absently.

"Fact," said Job Keith, measuring twenty-two grains of granulated sugar into his cup. "Give me an egg, Harry—that is, if they're fit to eat. Thank you, my boy. Now for the newspaper."

"Uncle Job," said Harry, suddenly.

"Eh? what is it?"

"There's a party of girls coming here to-night."

Uncle Job dropped the spectacles into the cream-jug.

"Girls! what for?"

"To see you, I suppose."

"To see me? *I* don't want 'em—why can't they stay at home peaceably? Girls, indeed!—when the sight of a curl-paper gives me the dyspepsia? What does this mean, Harry?"

"Well, I don't know," said Harry, chipping an egg-shell deftly with the end of his fork—"unless—"

"Unless what? Speak out, boy!" cried Uncle Job, melodramatically, the cold drops oozing out of every pore on his forehead. "They want me to subscribe to some rigmarole fair, or church, or charitable institution, I suppose?"

"Ah, uncle," sighed Harry, mysteriously, "I wish that was the worst of it!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—only you must remember that this is Leap Year."

Job Keith sat staring at his nephew, his face alternately changing from dull crimson to pale yellow.

"Harry," he ejaculated, solemnly, "what's the use of laws if a man is to be persecuted in this way? I'll appeal to a police magistrate—I'll call in the military!"

"I suppose you might swear 'em over to keep the peace," said Harry, "but it wouldn't look very dignified—people would be apt to laugh at you, wouldn't they?"

"Harry, where's my valise?" said the old gentleman, jumping briskly up. "I'll take the ten o'clock train up to Philo's. You don't suppose they'll follow me clear up into Westchester County?"

"Oh no, of course not," said Harry, inwardly chuckling at the brilliant success of his plan. "I must say I think you've hit on the best arrangement that could be made!"

Uncle Job began to toss his effects indiscriminately into a small valise, consulting the clock nervously from time to time.

"Hallo! who's that?" he cried, as a little knock came to the door.

"Don't know," said Harry; "but I should think from the sound that it's the pretty widow who occupies the suit of rooms across the hall come to borrow our newspaper."

"Widow!" shouted Uncle Job, "a widow come after me! Harry Keith, don't let her in. Double-lock that door immediately, Sir. A widow! How do I know what her intentions may be? Confound Leap Year, I wish it came once in forty years instead of once in four!"

The knocking was redoubled, greatly to Job's consternation.

"Harry!" he whispered, hoarsely, "that widow will knock the panels in if you don't open the door. Good-by, my boy, don't let the woman get the better of you—I'm off!"

And Uncle Job darted down the back stairs, his hat perched one-sidedly upon his head, and the valise under his arm, as Harry opened the door to a very diminutive boy, who brought no more threatening document than the gas-bill.

It was nearly noon when the train steamed into the quiet little station at Thorneydale—nearly noon of a brilliant May day, the sky above bluer than the violets along the brooks, and the air full of sweet gusts from the apple-blossoms in every gnarled old orchard. And as Job Keith walked hurriedly up the shadowy winding lane that led to a low-eaved cream-colored farm-house, wherein dwelt his brother Philo, he congratulated himself on having at last reached a bourne of sweet and peaceful rest.

"Not a woman in sight," said Job Keith, leaning against an angle of the fence where a cluster of precious wild honey-suckle shook its pink chalices of spice against his flushed cheek, and wiping his wet brow with a silk pocket-handkerchief, as he shifted his valise from one hand to the other. "And what a blessing that is, to be sure! What a fortunate thing it is that Philo's seven boys aren't seven girls!"

The old farm-house lay before him, half hidden in the leafy luxuriance of giant cherry-trees, its porch roof streaked with velvet moss, and rows of bright tin milk-pans glittering in the sunshine at the back of the garden—a pretty picture of rural quiet and plenty.

"I'm safe *here*, any how," said Job Keith, walking boldly up the path, and pushing open the door. "I'll take board with Philo's folks until the first of January next—there's nothing like proper precau—"

The syllables died away on Job's tongue as he strode into the cozy "keeping room."

The green paper shades were half rolled up, the chairs stood primly against the wall, and the floor was covered with a gayly-colored home-made rag-carpet, while a fat gray kitten lay basking in the broad band of sunshine that streamed from under the shades and quivered in golden ribbons on the floor.

There was nothing in Mrs. Philo Keith's neat "keeping room" to blanch the cheek and appall the heart of her city brother-in-law; that is, there would have been nothing had the apartment been empty. But it was not.

Swaying composedly back and forth in the moreen-cushioned rocking chair, with a bandbox on one side of her and a basket on the other, sat a tall and angular female, with keen gray eyes and a complexion whose consistency reminded one irresistibly of boiled parchment. She was attired in molasses-colored calico, entirely innocent of any thing like crinoline, and a bonnet bristling all over with defiant-looking artificial roses. As Job's valise dropped from his nerveless hand to the floor with a hollow sound, she rose up and confronted him.

"I've been waitin' for you this hour 'n a half!" she said, tartly.

Waiting for him! Had he steered safely from the rocks of Scylla only to be wrecked on Charybdis? Had he, to fall back on a less grandiloquent simile, jumped from the frying-pan into the fire?

"There is some mistake, ma'am, I'm sure," he pleaded, in as insinuating a manner as he could command.

"Oh no, there isn't," returned the lady. "You're the gentleman from New York, ain't you?"

Job could not deny the soft impeachment.

"And I'm Mahaly Hawkins from 'cross the river. Philo Keith knows me!"

Job bowed stiffly. He began to think that it was useless to fly the iron decrees of fate, while Mahala Hawkins, leaning deliberately on a rusty cotton umbrella, proceeded to define her platform.

"I ain't so young as I was, but I don't s'pose that'll make any difference, as long as I'm spry and look sharp arter things. I'd calc'late to be as savin' and economical as possible, and keep an eye to your interests jest the same as though they was mine!"

Job sank down on a chair, with a momentary dizziness at his brain. The inexorable Mahala, however, went on, flourishing her umbrella to give emphasis to her remarks.

"'Tain't every body I'd make such an offer to!" said Mahala. "You may think yourself very fortunate to get one like me!"

Mr. Job Keith stared helplessly at the gaunt female before him, but said nothing; in fact he was mentally cogitating whether a man *could* be married in spite of himself.

"I'm a first-rate cook, though I say it as shouldn't say it," pursued the angular female. "I can make all sorts o' pies and fixins, and I'm a great hand to iron shirts and keep a gentleman's wardrobe in order. Besides, I can paint on velvet and play the accordeon, when you get lonesome and want company in the parlor."

"A very business-like list of accomplishments," thought Job. "If it wasn't for that woman's thumping the floor every now and then with the ferule of her umbrella, I should certainly think this was a fit of the nightmare."

"Well, what do you say, yes or no?" demanded the redoubtable Mahala Hawkins after a brief pause.

"You are very kind, I'm sure," faltered poor Job, huskily, "but—I really don't think it is necessary—I don't need—"

"*What!*" ejaculated Mahala, fiercely grasping the umbrella round its middle, "ain't you going to take me?"

"No, I am *not*," said Job Keith, driven frantic by this series of assaults. "Nothing of the kind, my good woman, I assure you."

"Very well," said Mahala, jerking up the words from somewhere in the pit of her stomach, and stooping to recover the bandbox and basket, "*very* well, Mister, I guess you'll find you can go farther and fare worse. Just as you please—just exactly—only this I *will* say, I wouldn't go to live at your house not for no consideration you could offer, you mean, good-for-nothin' stuck up—"

And Mahala Hawkins and her adjectives vanished out of the room together, while Job Keith put his two hands in his pockets and dismally meditated whether he had better escape this system of persecution by drowning himself in the quiet river whose blue tides gleamed through the distant alders, or by marrying some one woman to obtain protection against the rest of the sex!

"Hallo, Job! what on airth brings you up to Thorneydale this time o' year?"

Honest Philo clapped his brother on the back to rouse him from the deep reverie into which he had fallen.

"Look here, Philo," said Job, in a hoarse whisper. "Do you see that woman in the big bonnet, who carries a basket, a bandbox, and a cotton umbrella? There she is crossing the little bridge now under the willows."

"See her? why shouldn't I? There ain't nothin' the matter with my eyes! It's Mahaly Hawkins, ain't it?"

"That woman, Philo, has given me a shock that I shall never get the better of—never!"

Philo stared.

"She wants me to marry her, Philo, and I declined—declined positively!"

Philo burst into a broad laugh.

"Now look here, Job, there's no use chaffin' me if I do live up in the back-woods! Mahaly Hawkins wouldn't marry the Prince o' Wales himself. I guess you're mistaken, ain't you?"

"No, Philo, no, a mistake is impossible. She told me she had been waiting here for me—she demanded in a most uncompromising manner whether I was not the gentleman from New York—"

"Oh, now I begin to see through the millstun," roared Philo, stamping on the floor with delight. "She come here to engage out as housekeeper to Aleck Darwin, who's jest bought a farm on the hill, and he was to meet her here this mornin'. Good Jerusalem! if you and she hain't made a pretty mess on't. Why, Job, what ever put it in your head she wanted to *marry* you?"

Like a flash of lightning the real truth shot through Job Keith's mind. Miss Mahala had, very naturally, mistaken him for somebody else—there had been a series of mistakes all round! He looked up, crimson and crest-fallen.

"Philo, I've been a fool; but it wasn't my fault. If you had been half as much persecuted by the women as I have, you'd be suspicious of every one that came near you. But there's one favor I have to ask of you—*don't* tell your wife!"

A confused giggling in some unknown direction struck on Job's ear as he ceased speaking. Philo opened the door with a quiet grin and disclosed Mrs. Philo and a plump, pretty woman of thirty-five or so, both in ecstasies of concealed mirth.

"Why, it's Eunice Carver!" stammered Job.

Yes—it was Eunice Carver—the very one of all others whom he would least wish to be the witness of his discomfiture; the Eunice Carver who had flirted with him at eighteen, and had pouted so prettily when people accused her of being Job Keith's "sweet-heart"—and Eunice Carver still.

But her eyes were bright as blue diamonds yet, and there were flashes of rosy bloom on her round cheeks that reminded Job not unpleasantly of the old times.

So Job, emboldened by the emergency, availed himself of the only apparent method of checking the tantalizing giggles; he walked boldly up to Eunice and kissed her right upon the cleft cherry of her mouth.

Wasn't that pretty bold for a determined old bachelor?

That night as he lay in the little bedroom under the eaves, with the cherry branches tapping softly on the roof overhead, he came to an eventful resolve regarding the two alternatives which he had that afternoon placed before himself.

"I won't drown myself," he pondered—"that would be eminently absurd! But I'll see what Eunice says about it!"

And Eunice said "Yes."

Philo Keith's strawberry beds were a sheet of white bloom when his old bachelor brother first took refuge from the dangers of Leap Year; the berries glowed red and ripe among their dark green leaves, like a fallen shower of jewels, when he went away again with his blue-eyed wife.

"I don't like to tell Harry; he'll be sure to laugh at me," thought Job, as he alighted from the cars at the New York dépôt. "However—"

"Why, Uncle Job!" rang out the clear voice of the tall Major.

"It's you, is it, Harry?"

"Yes. I thought you might be on to-day, and I wished very much to see you, to—to— Pooh, what a fool I am! The fact is, Uncle Job, I am married."

"Are you, Harry?" said Uncle Job, smiling benignantly. "So am I!"

Harry opened his eyes very wide and whistled softly under his mustache, but it was not his "style" to evince any great degree of surprise at whatever might transpire.

"Very well, I'll not detain you just now, Sir. I'll bring Meta to call on her aunt this evening."

So it was that Mr. Job Keith, and the Major of infantry, his nephew, met their matrimonial fates in one and the same Leap Year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

When a poor fellow is about to be burned by savages his very existence is at stake.

"Now, Mrs. Bradford, I always likes to have an old-fashioned talk with the lady I lives with before I begins. I'm awful tempered, but I'm dreadful forgivin'. Have you a good kitchen range, hot and cold water, stationary tubs, oil-cloth on the floor, dumb waiter? Monday I washes. I'se to be let alone that day. Tuesday I irons. Nobody's to come near me that day. Wednesday I bakes. I'se to be let alone that day. Thursday I picks up the house. Nobody's to come near me that day. Friday I goes to the city. Nobody's to come near to me that day. Saturday I bakes, and Saturday afternoon my beau comes to me. Nobody comes near me that day. Sunday I has to myself."

What is the difference between the river that runs through Stratford and the great poet who was born there? The one is Avon and the other is a-von-der.

The Alphabet of Requisites for a Wife.—(By an Elderly Bachelor.)—A wife should be amiable, affectionate, artless, affable, accomplished, beautiful, benign, benevolent, chaste, charming, candid, cheerful, complaisant, charitable, civil, constant, dutiful, dignified, elegant, easy, engaging, entertaining, faithful, fond, faultless, free, good, graceful, generous, governable, good-humored, handsome, harmless, healthy, heavenly-minded, intelligent, interesting, industrious, ingenuous, just, kind, lively, liberal, lovely, modest, merciful, mannerly, neat, notable, obedient, obliging, pretty, pleasing, peaceable, pure, righteous, sociable, submissive, sensible, temperate, true, virtuous, well-formed, and young. When I meet with a woman possessed of all these requisites I will marry.

Phosphorus.—An able physiologist has written that one-fifth of the human body is composed of phosphorus. A wit remarks that this most likely accounts for the number of *matches* made.

An admirer of Napoleon was heard to say that that monarch was a real friend to Garibaldi and his cause, and that he had taken the part of Italy for some years past. Quite so? He *has* taken the part—*the* part, *par excellence*, most vital and dear to the Italians—and he's *kept* it too!

"There's a Man in it!"—The confidence reposed in Lieutenant-General Grant by President Lincoln was happily illustrated by a characteristic anecdote related recently by the President in the course of a familiar conversation with a personal friend, and in reply to a question in regard to the present military prospect. "Well, Sir, your question reminds me of a little anecdote about the automaton chess-player, which many years ago astonished the world by its skill in that game. After a while the automaton was challenged by a celebrated player, who, to his great chagrin, was beaten twice by the machine. At the end of the second game, the player, significantly pointing his finger at the automaton, exclaimed in a very decided tone, '*There's a man in it!*' And this, Sir, is just the secret of our present success."

A Valuable Publication—"What's What," by the author of "Who's Who."

QUEER PAPERS.

The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco.

Paper for roughs—Sand paper.

Paper containing many fine points—The paper of needles.

Ruled paper—the French press.

The paper that is full of rows—The paper of pins.

Spiritualist's paper—(W)rapping paper.

Paper illustrated with cuts—Editorial exchanges.

Drawing paper—The dentist's bill.

A taking paper—The sheriff's warrant.

Why does the Emperor Napoleon's position toward the French Press prove him to be no Christian?—Because he is a muzzle-man.

Scotch and Shakspeariana.—"D'ye ken why ma neckhandkerchief is like one of Master Shakspeare's plays?—Hoot toit. Ye dinna ken?—Varra weel: then I'll just tell ye; ma neckhandkerchief is like one of his plays because it's a *Tie-mon.*"

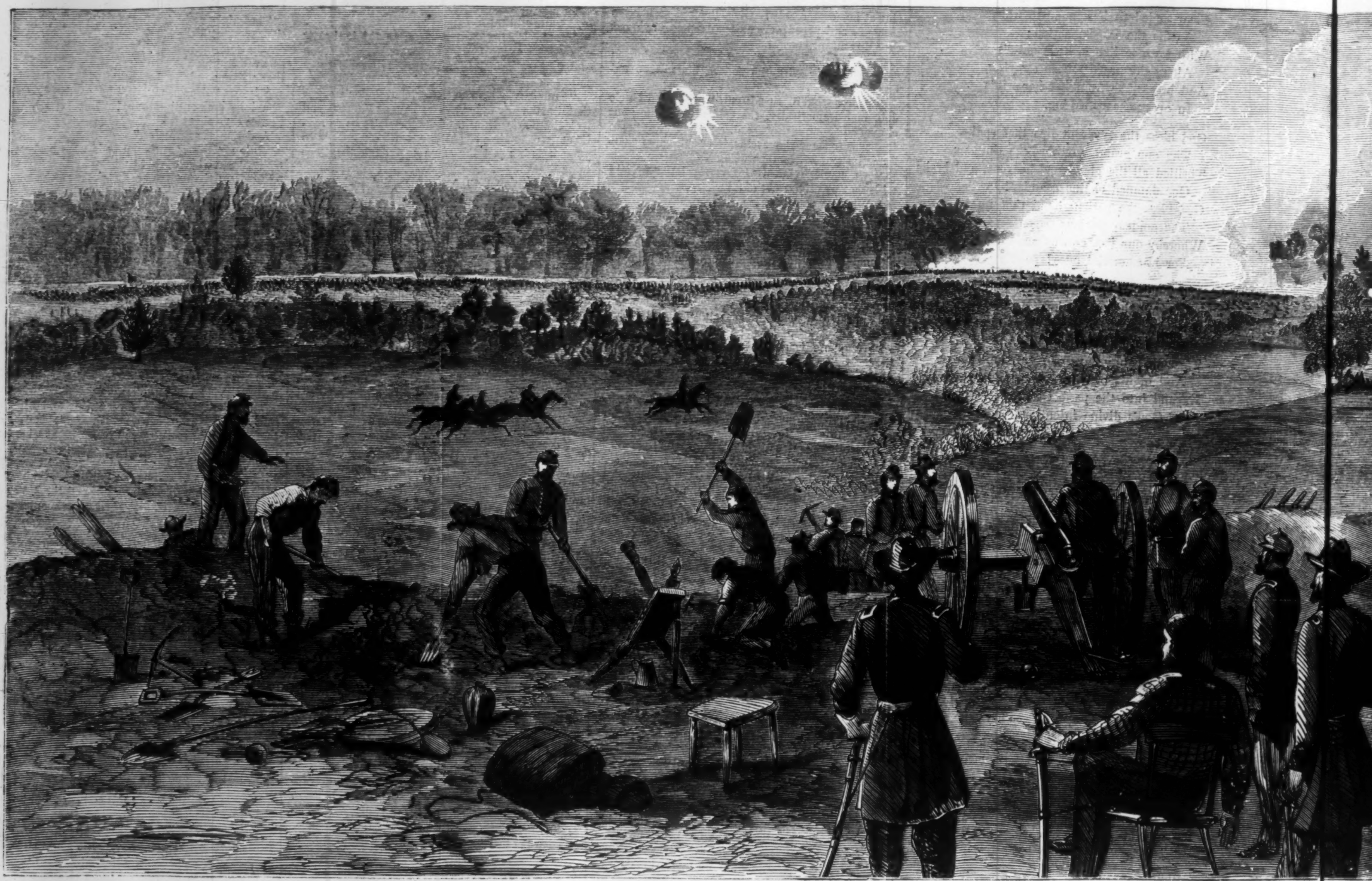
Early Rising.—Jump out of bed the moment you hear the knock at the door. The man who hesitates when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no *turning over.*

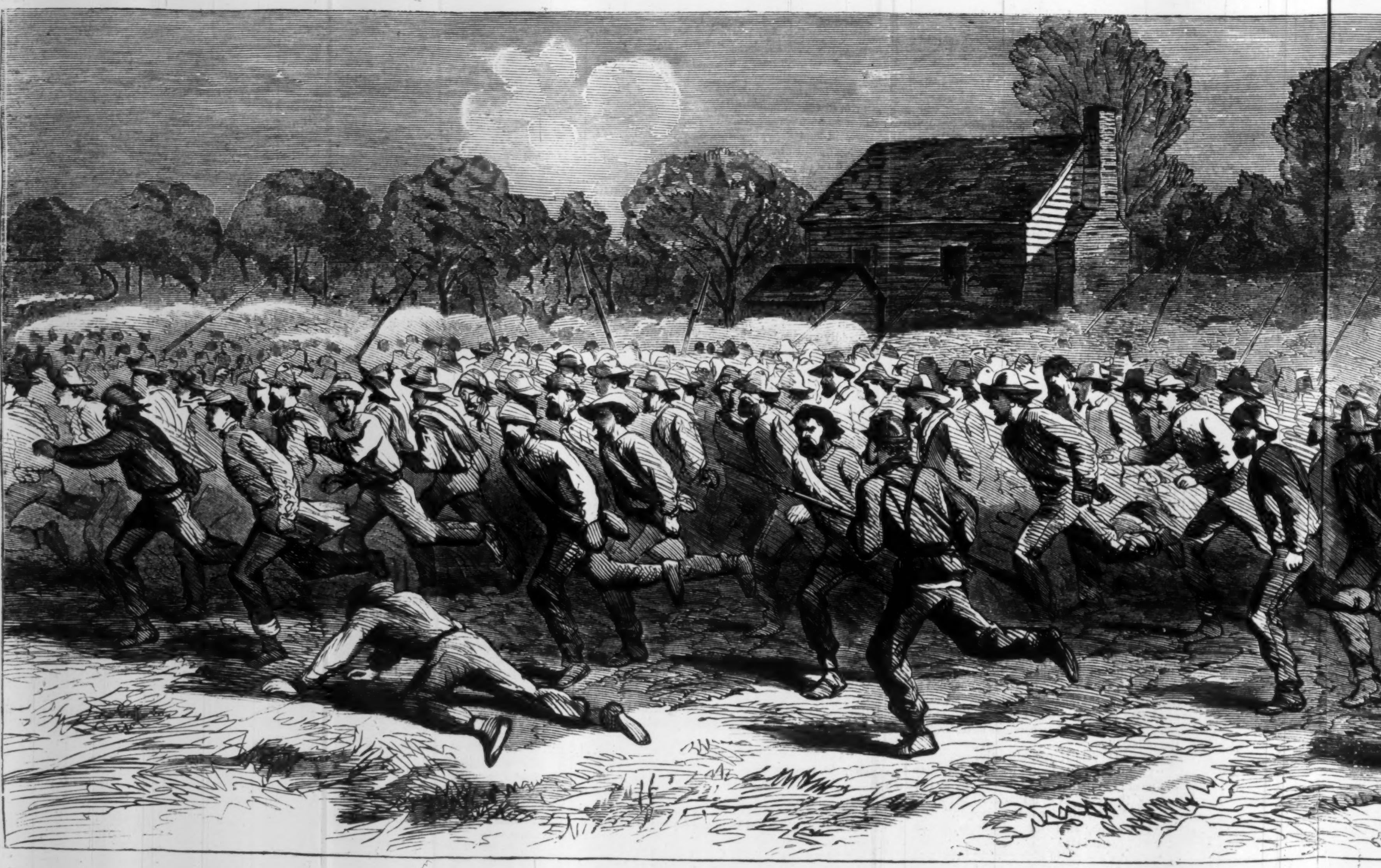
"How many feet long was the snake?" asked a person of a traveler, who had just related a story of his encounter with a boa killed by him. "One hundred and ninety-two inches," was the reply, "snakes have no feet."

How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity and gets reduced to its last quarter!

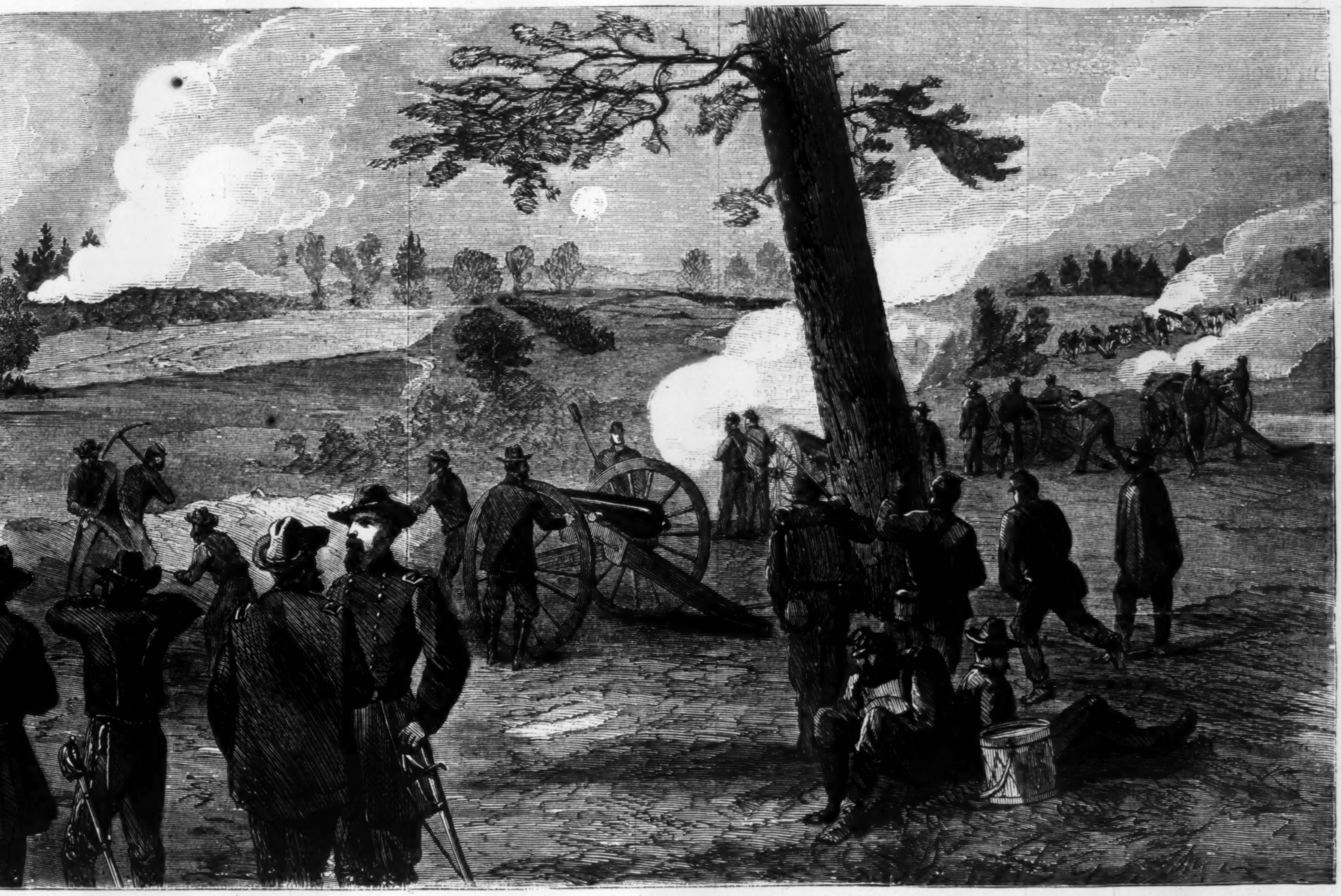
The reason why woman has her way so much oftener than man is, that both he and she are conscious that her way is the best.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry?—Nothing.

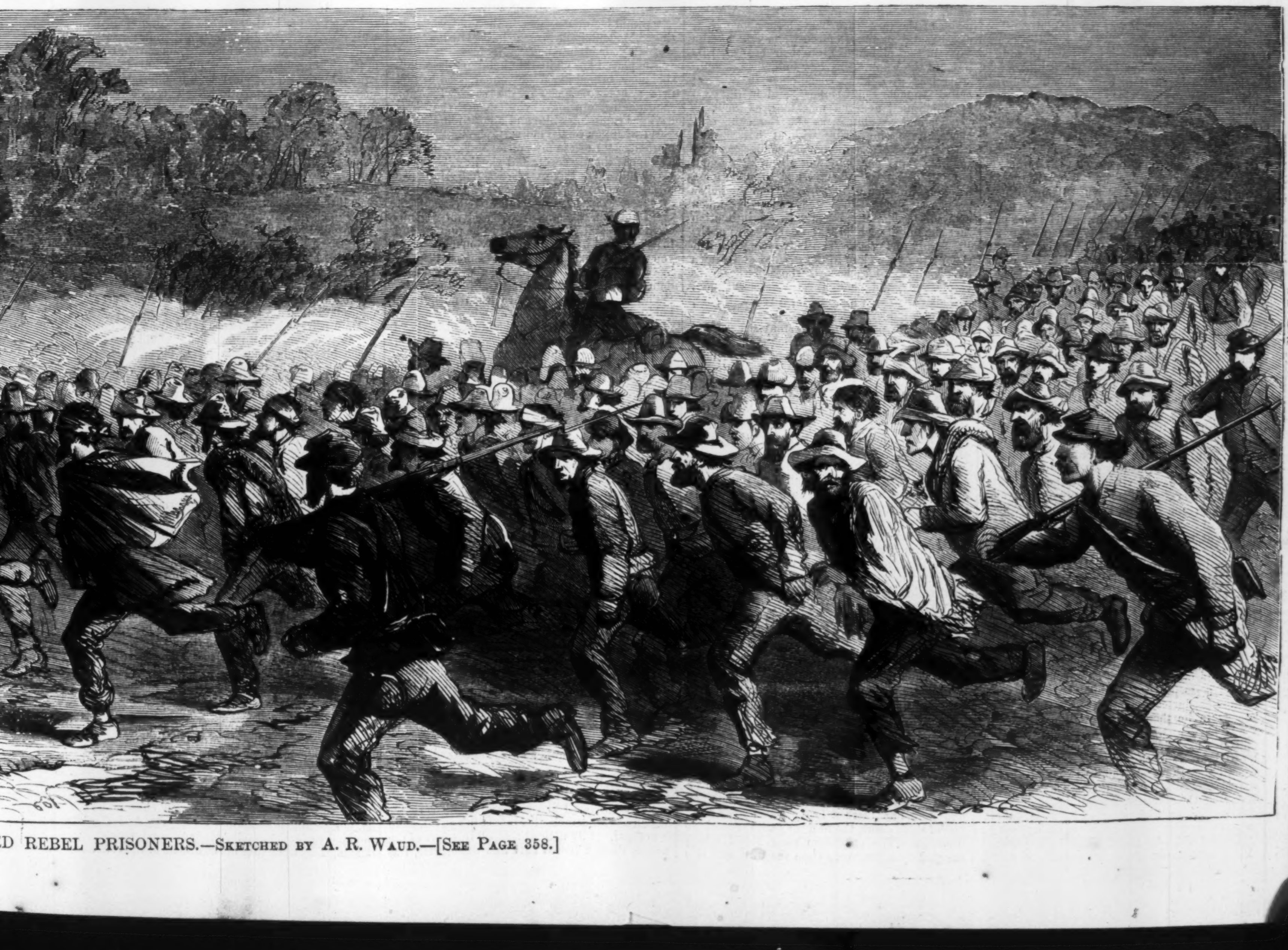




GENERAL WRIGHT'S CORPS RUNNING IN TWELVE HUNDRED RE



GENERALS HANCOCK AND WRIGHT FIGHTING FOR THE ENEMY'S RIFLE-PITS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 358.]



D REBEL PRISONERS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 358.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LILY IS LEFT ALONE IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

IN the court-yard of the post-office, not far from the hotel, Lily was introduced to an enormous machine—like a hackney-coach, an omnibus, and a post-chaise, stuck together—painted yellow, and surmounted in the front by a kind of hackney-cab, and in the rear by a tremendous pile of luggage covered with a tarpaulin. The formidable edifice was mounted on very heavy wheels, and to it were harnessed, by very ragged looking ropes, six horses, three abreast, and as ragged as the cords which confined them. This was the Paris diligence belonging to the Messageries Royales of Messrs. Lafitte, Caillard, & Company; and such of my courteous readers who may have attained middle age, and went to school in France, have probably journeyed by this same lumbering, lagging, and comfortless conveyance.

The hackney-coach compartment, which held six, was called the intérieur; the omnibus-looking compartment, which afforded want of accommodation for eight passengers, went by the name of the rotonde; and that portion of the vehicle which has been likened to a post-chaise, and in which three persons could sit, sufficiently ill at ease, was entitled the coupé. The lady had retained the whole of this coupé; one place for herself, another for Lily, and the third for her temper; although it is questionable whether the entire diligence would have been big enough to hold that. After a time an individual in a semi-military uniform, with an embroidered badge on his arm, and a laced cap and a peak to it, who was the conducteur or guard of the machine, came to the window and read off the passengers' names from a way-bill; then a tall gendarme in a cocked-hat and jack-boots, who had come, it is to be presumed, to see Lily off, and to ascertain by ocular inspection whether she was carrying an infernal machine to Paris to blow up the Orleans dynasty withal, waved one of his buckskin gauntlets in token of dismissal; the postillion, a frightful-looking creature, in monstrous jack-boots, and with a quantity of parti-colored ribbons, all very dirty, streaming from his hat, cracked his whip, and began to scream out some abusive language to his horses, and the top-heavy caravan jolted out of the post-office yard.

They were swaying and staggering over the ill-paved streets of the town when a carriage, which Lily had seen before, passed them at a steadily rapid pace. It was the green berline which had been lashed to the deck of the *Harlequin*, and reclining in it was the invalid gentleman with the yellow face. There was room in the rumble for M. Franz Stimm, and there his place properly was; but he was a confidential courier, and, the carriage being broad, occupied a place by his master's side.

"There is that little girl again," the sallow man remarked, fretfully, as they passed the diligence.

"She is ver graziosa; I gif her some joggolate, my lord generale," returned the courier.

"Don't my lord me, Stimm," peevishly exclaimed the invalid; "nor general me either. I never was the one, and I'm sick of having been the other. I can't get that little girl's face out of my head. It haunts me. Who can she be?"

"Bah! bas grand zhose," Monsieur Stimm observed, in reply. "Za mère elle est oune gatine; ouf! oune diablesse. I zink I zee her somewhere in de zeatre, dancing on de cord or jumping on de horse. Haoup-là!"

But the diligence was by this time many yards behind, and the invalid, pettishly asking for some orange-flower, and being, as usual, persuaded to take what Monsieur Franz Stimm termed "gognac," forgot, for the time, the bright little face which, he said, had haunted him.

The occupants of the coupé traveled all that day along dusty roads, for the most part bordered with tall trees, like walking-sticks surmounted by birch-brooms. The perspective was not enchanting. The fields were of an ugly ashen green, and divided by ditches, not hedges. There were no pretty villages by the roadside; what buildings there were did not get beyond tumbledown stone hovels, at the doors of which toothless old women, with their heads bandaged up, sat at spinning-wheels, or dirty children sprawled. From time to time they met a man walking, in a blouse and sabots, powdered with dust from head to foot: a knapsack on his back, and a quantity of ribbons streaming from his hat. Sometimes he looked wobegone, and blubbered; sometimes he whistled cheerily, and was defiant, and drunk. This was Jean Pierre, or Gros Guillaume, the conscript who had drawn a bad number, and was trudging to the regimental dépôt. Frequently, on coming to the base of a steep hill, the diligence would stop, and the conducteur, coming to the coupé door, politely invite them to descend. Then they would have to walk up hill, toiling after the diligence for half a mile or so; but there were no wild flowers by the way. There were loathsome beggars instead, who, in twos and threes, dotted the highway from Boulogne to Paris, flaunting their tatters, exhibiting their sores, holding up on high their cadaverous babies, and, in droning, monotonous tone, repeating: "Charité, s'il vous plait! Petit sou Anglais! Petit morceau de biscuit Anglais!" A recent change in the order of things in Paris has had, at least, one gratifying result—the roadside beggars have disappeared.

They staid half an hour, at five o'clock, to dine at Abbeville, where there was a noisy crowded table d'hôte. Lily could eat nothing save a spoonful of soup, and a slice from an enormous melon which decorated the table. Five francs a head were charged for this repast, which gave the lady an opportunity of storming at Lily, at herself, and at the world, for the next twenty miles. A little way out of Abbeville some men were singeing the bristles off a newly-slaughtered pig in a field; and the odor of this porcine suttee borne on the breeze gave Lily a notion of incipient crackling, and made her almost hungry.

They went jogging, rumbling, clattering on, the postillion cracking his whip and screaming, and the horses, not to be behindhand, screaming too. They traveled all night, but Lily could sleep but little for the incessant jolting. At about six in the morning they stopped at a pretty large town, where, from an inn-door, a shock-headed barefooted girl brought out to the coupé two white bowls of scalding hot coffee, with a liberal allowance of milk therein, and two huge slices of bread. Lily was able to breakfast very heartily, and, though her feet felt chill and numbed, was in better spirits by the time they arrived at St. Denis—about eleven o'clock—when she was told that they were within six miles of Paris.

The lady's temper had been throughout detestable, and she had seldom spoken to Lily, save to scold her. As they approached the capital, however, her face brightened, and, at Montmartre, she condescended to inform the child that Paris was the only place worth living in in the whole world.

"Shall we be very happy there?" asked the little girl, with a timid look.

"We?" repeated the lady, coldly. "You are going to school. Do you think I am a little bambine, to learn lessons and be put in the corner en pénitence, as you will be if you are not sage? I pray you not to repeat such absurdity. There will be one Paris for me, and another Paris for you, ma petite."

They entered by the Porte St. Denis, then a barrier, where sundry custom-house officers came to the window asking whether there was any thing to declare, and poking long spiked sticks into the luggage beneath the tarpaulin. They took away a bottle of wine from a stout lady in the intérieur, and a veal-pie from a countryman in the rotonde, the possessors of those edibles and potables having been foolish enough not to uncork the one, nor cut a slice out of the other. For in those days, as now, every thing eatable or drinkable, non-entamé, paid octroi duty, or gate-tolls, to the good city of Paris.

The diligence clattered up and down several stony streets with no pavements, with no gas-lamps, but, instead, clumsy lanterns suspended to the centre of ropes slung across from house to house, and crowded with people who seemed to walk, preferentially, in the gutter. A great many of the men wore blue shirts above their clothes, and numbers of the women had white caps, in lieu of bonnets, on their heads. Lily thought the whole scene very unlike Stockwell.

Arrived at a large coach-office in a street called Grenelle Saint-Honoré, and in the yard of which half a dozen machines, as huge, as yellow, and as clumsy as the Boulogne diligence, were slumbering without horses, and where a score of postillions and conductors were smoking pipes and lounging about, they found another custom-house, and had to undergo a fresh examination of luggage. Then the lady's passport was again inspected, and at last taken away from her altogether with an intimation that she might reclaim it ten days thence at the Préfecture of Police. The lady engaged a carriage hung very close to the ground and drawn by two little white horses, whose harness was very ragged, and whose knees were very bandy. The driver wore a glazed hat, a red waistcoat, and had a redder face.

Up and down more narrow stony streets, and then they crossed a wide and magnificent thoroughfare skirted by lofty mansions and splendid shops, with wide branching trees along the intervals of the foot-pavement, and thronged with people, and horses, and carriages.

"Oh, what a beautiful street!" cried the child. "Do look at the carriages, and the shops, and those flags; and, oh, here is a whole regiment of soldiers!"

"Beautiful!" echoed the lady, with complaisant disdain. "I should think so, little ignoramus. It is the finest street in the world. It is the Boulevard des Italiens."

But they soon left it and dived into more streets, broader, newer, and cleaner than the filthy lanes of the old quarter of the city. Then the houses grew fewer, and the gardens more frequent, and the coachman, turning in his boot, called through the window:

"Was it the Rue de la Pépinière, or the Rue de Courcelles, the bourgeoise said?"

"De Courcelles, ganache!" replied the countess, addressed as bourgeoise.

"Thanks for the compliment," the driver, who was a good-natured fellow, replied. "Je vous la souhaite belle et bonne, madame. Am I to have any thing else by way of pour-boire? Hahoheup! Ostrogoth of a rhinoceros!" The latter speech was addressed to one of the white horses, which was essaying to lunch on his neighbor's near blinker. And they went on again.

They reached a street where there were no houses to be seen, only a double succession of staring white stone-walls, of different heights, and here and there a heavy green door. At one of these doors, the number five, the carriage drew up. The coachman rang a bell which dangled by a long wire from the wall, and this was presently answered by a lad in a shabby livery, and whose face was fearfully scarred with the small-pox. Lily's trunk was alone removed, and the coachman was ordered to wait. The pock-marked lad conducted them across a dreary court-yard, in the interstices of whose stones rank dank herbage grew, up a broken flight of mildewed stone steps, across a bare hall, or vestibule, papered green, which smelt very mouldy and felt very damp, and so into a dismal saloon with an oak floor, laid in a pattern like a chess-board, and which was so highly polished that Lily slipped on her entrance, and was very near tumbling down.

She was bidden to sit on a vast chintz-colored sofa, and remained there, frightened, and listening to the harsh ticking of an ormolu-clock on the mantle-shelf. The lady left her at the expiration of ten minutes, and Lily thought she could hear voices in an adjoining apartment. She remained on the sofa for another ten minutes, and then she heard a door bang violently. Through one of the tall windows (which reached almost to the ground) she saw the form of the handsome lady retreating across the court-yard. The shabby lad opened the door for her. She ascended the carriage. She was gone. Lily's heart sank within her. She was now left Quite Alone indeed.

CHAPTER XXV.

LA PENSION MARCASSIN.

THE child's hand was on the handle of the lock; but it turned on the other side, and a person came in.

She was tall and shapely, and had once been handsome; but she had bidden farewell to middle age, and, without pleading guilty to imminent antiquity, would have had little chance, if arraigned, of averting a true bill. Of her good looks only enough was left to make her angry at the remembrance of having been comely. Her hands, attenuated and long-fingered though they were, retained their symmetry, and were dazzlingly white. But they were heartless-looking hands—cruel hands, more accustomed, if manual expression can be eloquent, to give buffets than to give charity. The nails looked as though they had been bitten, not pared. Her hair, iron, not silver gray, was disposed in plain bands beneath a rigid cap of point lace if you will, but hard and spiky, as though it had been wrought out of some white metal. She was tall, very tall, and was draped in one long black silk dress, more like a pillow-case than a gown, falling in few folds, and those stiff and angular. A great cross of dull gold was at her neck, and that was all the ornament she wore. Her voice was chilly and windy. The words came as though a door had been slightly opened, a draught of cold air let in, and then closed.

"I am Mademoiselle Marcassin," she said.

She spoke in English, but with a foreign accent, fainter and harder than that which marked the speech of the strange lady. Her words fell like drops of iced water upon Lily's trembling heart.

"Stand before me, here, in the light, so," continued Mademoiselle Marcassin. "Listen to me with all your attention."

She placed her white thin hands on the child's shoulders, turned her round, and dressed her up, in a military manner, by the window. Anon she drew aside a louvre shutter, and the whole daylight came in, white and almost blinding.

"I wish you to see me very plainly," she remarked. "Look in my eyes. Mark them well. Tell me if they look soft and yielding."

Lily did mark them. She was too frightened to say what she thought, but to her mind those eyes were gray, hard, baleful, merciless.

"I am your schoolmistress," went on Mademoiselle. "You are sent here to be taught, and to be punished if you misconduct yourself. Here you will learn what discipline is. Silence!" Lily had no more idea of uttering a word than of dancing a gavotte, or setting the house on fire. "The first lesson you are to learn must be to hold your tongue."

"This is the last time," she pursued, "that I shall speak to you in English. You had better forget that I ever addressed you in that tongue. I shall address you in French when I think you have been long enough here to comprehend me, and if you do not understand you will be punished. What do you know? I mean, what have you learned away there in England?"

With much blushing and faltering Lily went over the scant schedule of her book-learning. Mademoiselle Marcassin heard her in contemptuous silence.

"As ignorant as a squirrel," she resumed, when the child had done, "and, I dare say, quite as restless and troublesome. Here you will be taught as well as tamed. We can not begin too soon."

She rang a bell, and in a few minutes—passed by Lily in something closely approximating to breathless terror—a low tap came to the door, and a lady, who looked, as to garb and demeanor, gold cross and all, a duplicate edition of Mademoiselle Marcassin, only she was somewhat younger, shorter, and stouter, came into the room.

"This," said the lady superior of the establishment, "is Mademoiselle Espréménil, the head governess. She will take you into the school-room and tell you your duties. In all things she is to be obeyed even as I am. Woe be to you if you are insubordinate. Now go."

And without another word she turned on her heel and disappeared. The lady addressed as Mademoiselle Espréménil took Lily's hand, and in equal silence led her away.

They traversed the hall and another room, which was Mademoiselle Marcassin's private salle à manger. Lily noticed that all this part of the house, though it was bare and comfortless, was very stately and polished, and had a curious pervading odor of cold stones—for cold stones have an odor—and beeswax. But when the head governess pushed aside a green baize door, and they crossed a high walled graveled play-ground, they entered upon quite another region.

Every thing was barer, every thing more comfortless; every thing, moreover, had a squalid, frowning, prison-like aspect. From the moment Lily entered that house to the moment she left it she could not divest herself of the notion that she had *done something*, that she had committed some crime, and that she was in tribulation for it, under the especial auspices of Mademoiselle Marcassin and her subordinates.

There might have been twenty girls, between the ages of ten and fifteen, in the first white-washed school-room they entered. It was a frightful looking room; its sepulchral whiteness relieved only by the dingy black of the transverse desks, a big black stove in one corner, from which a blacker pipe crawled along the ceiling like a serpent, and a black board supported by a double frame—a kind of elphantine easel.

All these girls looked as though they had done something, and were much disturbed in their minds in consequence. The teachers, however, of whom there were two present, seemed to be of a contrary opinion, and to hold that they had done nothing, and did not mean to do any thing, at least of what was good. For which reason they continuously girded at the twenty pupils.

"The first class," remarked Mademoiselle Espréménil, dryly, to Lily, as she marched her through. She made the observation in a tone similar to that which a female turnkey might use in pointing out the refractory ward.

A girl with a merry face and wavy black hair could not resist the temptation, as Lily passed her, of pulling slyly at her dress, and making (in perfect good-nature, be it understood) a face at her. But the quick eye of the head governess caught the grimace in transit, and she was down on the merry one in a moment, like Thor's hammer.

"Five bad points for Mademoiselle Marygold," she exclaimed; and then, turning to the culprit, continued, "you are becoming a Rothschild in bad points. Beware of the day of reckoning."

Mademoiselle Marygold set up a whimper, as a governess—whose profile was so like a hatchet, that, when she bent over the girls at their writing lessons, they were apt to feel the backs of their necks to make sure that they were safe on their shoulders—chalked five crosses against the Marygoldian name on the black board. She had a tremendous balance of black marks already in her disfavor.

"The second class room," said the head governess, as they entered another apartment, somewhat smaller than the first, but holding an equal number of scholars.

None of the girls ventured beyond a quick and furtive moment of looking up as the two passed through. At the door was a young lady aged apparently about eleven, with a very dirty face, the result of her having rubbed her countenance with inky hands, and the carbon therein having mingled with the tears which streamed from her eyes. This young lady was on her knees in a corner by the door; and very uncomfortable in that attitude she seemed to be. There was reason enough for it, as she was kneeling on a square wooden ruler, the sharpest edge upward, specially provided for the mortification of her flesh. And, furthermore, the young lady's head was decorated with an enormous fool's cap of gray paper, decorated at either side by lengthy bows or ears of black crape, and which gave the poor little thing somewhat of the appearance of Mr. Punch in half mourning.

"Again!" said the head governess, regarding this forlorn little personage with severe disdain. "Again, Mélaine! Thou goest the way for the Prix Monthyon, truly. A pretty Rosière, my faith! She is in penitence," she continued, turning to Lily. "She passes half her time in abject degradation."

Here a fresh burst of sobs came from the unhappy Mélaine, whose face, as it could not be much blacker, became absolutely fairer for the outbreak; for the tears traced little white channels for themselves on her cheeks till she scumbled them all together in a muddy neutral tint. They left this luckless Niobe, and went into another school-room.

It was the largest of all, and there were perhaps forty pupils in it. But they were all very little girls—none of them older, and many younger, than Lily. Likewise there were no desks in this room, save those which served as rostra for the governesses. And the forms on which the children sat were slightly raised one above the other in a kind of amphitheatre.

"This is the third class, and you belong to it," said Mademoiselle Espréménil, with a slight yawn, as though tired of officiating as mistress of the ceremonies to this very insignificant guest. "Mademoiselle Hudault, here is a little one to be put sur le banc des petites. Her name is—my faith! Madame forgot to tell me her name, but you will know it in good time."

This she said in French to the teacher. She continued in indifferent English to the child,

"What your name of baptism, eh?"

"Lily—Lily Floris, ma'am," answered the child, meekly.

"I ask you for your name of baptism, not your name of family," interposed Mademoiselle Espréménil, sharply. "There are half a dozen Lilies in the school," she added to her coadjutor, "and three in this class. That will never do. Never mind, Madame will find some other name to her. Elle n'est pas grand' chose—she is not of much account—I fancy." And she nodded to Mademoiselle Hudault, and retired, leaving Lily trembling in the middle of the class.

Mademoiselle Hudault was not ill-natured, but she was overworked. Her eyes could not be every where, consequently the child who was nearest her, and on whom her eyes most frequently lighted, had, habitually, rather a bad time of it; she was the scape-goat, and suffered for the sins of the rest of the forty. The forty were certainly enough to try the patience of Mademoiselle, or of any other mortal woman. Some of them were always going to sleep, and had to be shouted up into wakefulness. Others, who were day children, would creep on all fours to the corner where the baskets containing their dinners were deposited, abstract hunks of bread, bunches of grapes, or morsels of cold charcuterie—generally strong in the porcine element—and essay to munch surreptitiously behind their books or slates. Then detection followed, and there was a disturbance, and the contraband provisions were seized, and Mademoiselle Hudault would threaten to confiscate "la totalité," or to put the whole of the class "en pénitence." Add to this the fact that the majority of the pupils who had lessons to get by heart were in the habit of repeating their tasks to themselves in a monotonous drone; that when a band of small disciples was called up for "repetition," there was sure to be a book lost, or a page in an essential part torn out; that Julie was always making complaints against Amanda for pinching her, and that the bitter lamentations of Eulalie in consequence of Hortense having crammed her left ear full of slate pencil, were well-nigh incessant; that the atmosphere of the class-room was close almost to stifling point, and the odor exceedingly unpleasant; and that Mademoiselle Hudault's sole assistant in teaching and managing the forty girls was a depressed young person of sixteen, who was a little deaf, and somewhat lame, and was understood to be maintained out of charity by Mademoiselle Marcassin, and it may be judged how far the mistress of the class was overworked, and that her nightly couch was not a bed of roses.

Mademoiselle Hudault, who spoke no English, made signs to Lily to sit at the extremity of the form nearest her, and there the child crouched in half-listless, half-alarmed quiescence. The strange noise confused her, the heavy, drowsy smell sickened her. She was very tired and shaken by her journey; she had eaten nothing since the morning; the class-room began to swim round; then all faded into a murky haze, and she fell into a trance that was half sleeping and half swooning.

She revived to find herself in a little pallet-bed, in a long, low, hospital-like room, with whitewashed walls. On either side, as far as the eye could reach, were more pallets, and over against her, stretched in interminable perspective, a corresponding line of white, ghastly-looking couches.

There was somebody at her pillow. It was the merry young lady with the wavy black hair, who had pulled her dress and made a face at her, and who had been apostrophized as Mademoiselle Marygold. No sooner did Lily open her eyes than this young lady proceeded to kiss her on both cheeks with great heartiness, bidding her (to Lily's delight), in English, lie still for a dear, and she would soon be well.

"You're English and I'm English," quoth the merry young lady, who spoke with extreme rapidity, as if to make up for lost time, and compensate for the many hours during which she was compelled to hold her tongue. "And Madame (that's Mademoiselle Marcassin), but we call her Madame, although she's never been married, to distinguish her from the rest of the governesses, who are all old frumps, and Mademoiselles of course. We're both English; and as you can't speak a word of French yet, Madame says I'm to take care of you, and tell you things, and sit by your side in the third class till you're able to get on by yourself. And oh! what fun to be in the third class, and I'm going on for fifteen, and I shall escape that horrible first class, with Mademoiselle Glaçon—icicle's her name, and icicle's her nature—and Ma'mselle Espréménil—we call her the hippopotamus—bothering us all day long, to say nothing of Madame; and when she comes in there's always a blow up. And now tell me all about yourself, my little darling. I'm seven years older than you; but we're the only two English girls in this jail of a place—and it *is* a jail, and worse than a jail—and we must be great cronies."

Here Miss Marygold paused, less, it is to be apprehended, for want of matter than for want of breath. Lily's answer had to be given very slowly and very feebly, and its tenor was mainly confined to an inquiry as to how she came there, in broad daylight, and in that bed.

"You weren't very well, and dozed off like; and you couldn't understand when Ma'mselle Hudault told you to wake up, and that she'd box your ears if you didn't; Madame don't allow it, but Ma'mselle can't help her temper sometimes; she's not such a cross old thing as the others, but she's always in a hurry, and that makes her hasty; and then one of the girls reminded Ma'mselle that you couldn't speak French, and another said you were ill, and then they threw some wine-and-water (out of one of the day-girls' bottles) over your face, and you didn't wake up; and so, as you couldn't walk, you were carried up to this bedroom, which is Dormitory Number Three, and the doctor came and said you would do very nicely after you had had some sleep and some soup, and I'm to sleep next to you; and, upon my word, here comes Annette with the soup, and it's as nasty as ever, I do declare!"

The plateful of soup which a bony female servant, with a tall white cap, and a yellow silk handkerchief crossed over her breast, brought to the bedside was certainly not nice. It was very hot and thick, but it had a sour smell.

"Beans, cabbages, and tallow," remarked Miss Marygold, in contemptuous disparagement of the potage. "That's what we're fed upon at the Pension Marcassin, with cold boiled horse and vinegar-and-water to make up. You'd better eat it. Not eating your soup is called rebellion here. Madame says that Atheists and Voltaireans alone refuse to eat their soup. What, can't you eat it? Well, it must be swallowed somehow, and to keep things quiet and comfortable I'll eat it myself."

The which she presently proceeded to do, swallowing the nauseous compound in great gulps: not assuredly through greediness, for she made many wry faces as she ate, but apparently fearful lest some emissary of authority should discover her in the act. Annette, the gaunt servant, looked on in silence, and seemingly not in disapproval. She was not the cook, and she knew how very nasty the soup was. Nay, when Miss Marygold had carefully scraped up the last spoonful and returned the plate to her, Annette produced from the pocket of her capacious apron two slices of bread, pressed close together upon an intermediate layer of plum jam. This dulcet sandwich, she expressed by signs, was to be eaten by Lily, and, indeed, the child needed but little persuasion, for, though her gorge rose at the soup, she was half famished with hunger.

"Annette's a good sort," went on Miss Marygold, when the gaunt servant, with a grin of satisfaction at Lily's returning appetite, had departed, "and never tells tales. We should be half starved if it wasn't for the bread-and-jam, for not half of us can eat the nasty messes they serve up in the refectory. I think the girls who have got money pay her to bring 'em nice things, and then she's a kind-hearted soul, and gives away out of her profits to the poor ones and the little ones."

Lily said that it was very kind of Annette, and emboldened by the kind merry face of her companion, ventured to ask if it would soon be tea-time?

"Tea-time!" echoed Miss Marygold. "Bless you, my pet. You'll never see any tea here. Why, only princesses and duchesses drink tea in Paris. Ma'mselle Marcassin has tea once a month, when the Abbé Prudhomme comes to catechise the girls, and prepare them for their first communion. Are you a Catholic, dear? I'm not, and Ma'mselle Espréménil says I'm a heretic, and Ma'mselle Glaçon says that out of the pale of the Church there is no salvation, and the girls tease my life out, because I don't cross myself, and don't believe in purgatory; and when madame has tea, Annette says she makes it with boiling orange-flower water, and puts rum into it, and honey, and barley-sugar, and chocolate drops, and all kinds of nasty things. Tea! You'd better forget all about tea. We have hot milk and bread in the morning at eight, and vegetables, cheese, and wine (that's the vinegar-and-water I mean), at twelve; that's called breakfast number two; and at five o'clock—it's just half past now, and the clock was striking when Annette brought you the soup—we have that horrible stuff you couldn't eat, or another soup that's worse, and some meat that's either half raw or half burnt, and potatoes messed up in all kinds of funny ways, and some salad that's never fresh, and that's all till the next morning. Tea! Not if Madame knows it."

Miss Marygold paused again for respiration. Her lungs replenished with a fresh supply of oxygen, she informed Lily (who lay very quietly in her bed, soothed though fatigued, and with a smiling face upturned toward her companion) that her name was Mary Marygold, for shortness called Polly; but that the diminutive in question was only made use of in England, and that here Mary Marygold being considered tautological, and there being many Marie-Jeannes, Marie-Claudes, Marie-Françoises, and Marie-Louises in the school, she was customarily addressed as Mary-Gold, as though the one-half were her Christian name, and the other her patronymic.

"And a poor neglected Marygold I am," she continued, shaking her wavy hair. "My father was a rich man. He had a beautiful large bookseller's shop at Exeter, down in Devonshire, you know; but he failed in business. He was what you call bankrupt, though he paid fourteen-and-sixpence in the pound. And then we came over here: I and pa, and my little brother Joey. And Joey died in the cholera year, ever so long ago. And he's buried in the Fosse Commune, the poor people's grave at the Montmartre Cemetery.

"All pa's money was gone," she went on, wiping her eyes. "He got work as a printer in the office where they print the English newspaper—*Galignani's Messenger* they call it. But he couldn't keep it, through his eyesight being so bad. And now he's a kind of parish clerk to an English chapel in the Champs Elysées, where you and I will go on Sundays, my darling; and he picks up a little by interpreting, and showing the museums and places to English travelers stopping at the hotels. Poor dear pa, he has a hard job to get along! He placed me here at school as an articled pupil at three hundred francs a year, and it's as much as ever he can do to pay it; but I learn as much as ever I can, and I've been here two years and a half, and when my time's out, which will be in another eighteen months, I shall get a situation as a governess and help pa, and we shall be very happy and comfortable. Dear old pa! I don't tell him how badly I'm treated here, for it would make him fret, and he'd quarrel with Madame, or take me away, and I don't know half enough yet, even to be a nursery governess, and it would be a dreadful thing."

Again she took breath.

"You see," she resumed, "I try to learn as much as ever I can, and they do certainly teach you a lot of things here, and Madame is awfully clever. They say that she was a nun, years ago, and broke her vows at the Revolution. But I am always getting into scrapes. I can't help it. I'm merry, and it won't do to be merry here. If you want to get on, you must be grievous. I can't be grievous, and I'm continually in trouble. If it wasn't that I was wanted just now to take care of you, I ought to be in solitary confinement on bread-and-water for two days, for having got a hundred bad marks in the course of two years. Those I got for pulling your dress just made up my hundred. I'm always in arrear with half a dozen tasks, always in disgrace. I'm too big to be put en pénitence with the fool's cap on; but I'm had up almost every day to Madame's cabinet to be scolded out of my wits. I tell you, my dear, Madame's tongue hurts much worse than a ruler over your knuckles. Oh! I'm a most unhappy Marygold!"

And so she went rambling on, only too delighted to find a listener who could understand the gist of her complaints.

"And you, dear," she suddenly said, "who sent you here? Your papa?"

"I don't know any thing about my papa," returned poor Lily. "They could never tell me any thing about him at Mrs. Bunnycastle's. I think he must be dead, and in heaven. I am Quite Alone."

So she was, God help her!

"And your mamma? You must have a mamma, you know, or perhaps you are an orphan. There are four girls here who are orphans."

"I'm sure I don't know," little Lily responded, shaking her head dubiously. "The lady who brought me here said she was my mamma, but she was unkind to me, and frightened me. You oughtn't to be frightened of your mamma."

"Oh, I don't know that," interrupted the Marygold. "I used to be, dreadfully."

"Was she unkind, then?"

"No!" returned the girl, compressing her lips as though she had a great deal to say that was disagreeable, but was wishful to reveal only so much as was absolutely necessary. "She was worse than unkind. She drank, and was the ruin of poor pa. Don't talk any more about her. She's dead, and pa forgave her, as he, poor dear, hopes to be forgiven. Not that my pa's done any thing to be forgiven for. He's the best of men. But we're all sinners, you know, dear. And now—oh good gracious me! you mustn't talk any more, for I've got two pages of the Morale en Action about that stupid old Monsieur de Montesquieu and the Marseilles boatman—it's a horrible book, and I don't believe a word of it—to learn by heart before bedtime. Taking care of you isn't to save me altogether, you see."

She turned to a much dog's-eared edition of the interesting work she had mentioned; but her assiduity in study very soon came to an end.

"No papa! No mamma that you're certain about!" she repeated, with a perplexed look. "Why, my poor dear little innocent darling you *must* be quite alone in the world."

"Indeed I am," said poor Lily. She did not sigh. Children seldom sigh. Suspiration is an accomplishment to be learned, like courtesying. But her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Never mind, dear," the Marygold continued, pressing the child's hand. "We must make the best of it. You must belong to somebody, to have been sent here at all. Do you know whether you are to be brought up as a governess?"

No; Lily had not the slightest idea on that topic. As yet, she had not fathomed the possibility of any body being "brought up" to the profession of tuition. She had a dim notion that governesses grew, or came at once to maturity, with black silk dresses and sour looks.

"It seems to me," remarked the Marygold, "that there are a great deal too many governesses in the world. I forget how many hundreds of millions of people the geography says there are on the earth; but, as far as I have seen, all the old girls seem to be governesses, and all the young girls are being brought up to be governesses. Madame turns 'em out here by the dozen, like cakes. Where the children are to come from that we are all to teach I'm sure *I* don't know."

Not much progress was made in the study of M. de Montesquieu's transactions with the Marseilles boatman. The girl went prattling on to the child, and telling her she must call her Polly, and that she, Polly, would call her Lily, and that they would be as happy as the arrangements of the establishment and the severity of Madame would permit. And then it grew dusk, and at about nine o'clock, when forty girls came trooping silently to bed in Dormitory Number Three, Lily fell off into sound and refreshing slumber.

BOYS RUN WILD.

THE nearest approach to a wild boy, says Mr. Burnet Taylor, was to be found in Germany, after the desolating spirit of Napoleon had breathed over the land. The countries ravaged by his armies fell into utter misery. Children without parents and friends, destitute and homeless, were quite common in Germany. Several of them were brought to the shelter of Count von der Reche's asylum at Overdyke, and two of these had fallen more nearly into the condition of wild animals, were more nearly beast children, than any others of whom there is unquestionable record. One of these children was brought in ragged and bleeding. Unable to tell his name, he was called Clemens, since he was received upon St. Clement's day. With a power of speech almost as limited as Caspar Hauser's when first found, nearly all that he could make intelligible was, that he came "from the other side of the water." He had also a large vocabulary of frightful curses. He had been set to keep a peasant's swine, had lived with them, and been shut up with them at night. Scantily fed, he used to suck the milch sow, and eat with the little pigs. When first received at Overdyke he had to be kept out of the salad-beds as if he were himself a pig, for in the garden he would go down on all fours, and grub among the growing vegetables with his projecting teeth. He retained also a brotherly regard for the whole race of pigs, and understood them so well that they would let him ride upon their backs. His pleasantest memories were incidents of his life among them as a child. This Clemens, who had a narrow head and a low forehead, was of imperfect intellect, though not an idiot. Given to laughter, and open to kindness, he was liable also to uncontrollable fits of passion. Once, when he had tried to murder his benefactor with a woodcutter's axe that he held in his hand, he was carried away laughing to confinement.

The other wild boy at the Overdyke asylum had learned to live as the beasts of the forest, only prowling about villages of nights to steal food. He climbed trees for eggs and birds, that he ate raw, and had extraordinary knowledge of birds and their habits. To each that he knew he gave a name of its own, and it is said that the birds seemed to recognize the names he whistled after them.

Sir William Sleeman, in his narrative of a journey through the kingdom of Oude, gives a very curious account of a boy, said to have been taken when running on all fours with a she wolf and her three cubs. They were all seen coming down to the river to drink when the boy was caught. The wolves, left to themselves, are very numerous among the ravines which run down to the banks of the Goomtee River. They are wolf preserves, for the Hindoo belief, that a drop of wolf's blood spilled within the bounds of any village dooms the village to destruction, acts more powerfully for wolf protection than a game law. The vagrants, with whom no conscience pleads for the protection of the wolves, are said to divide spoil with them after this fashion: Very young children go about with costly ornaments upon them. Wolves carry off and eat the children, but reject the ornaments among their refuse, and for the chance of finding these, the vagrants patronize the wolves, and are on visiting terms with them.

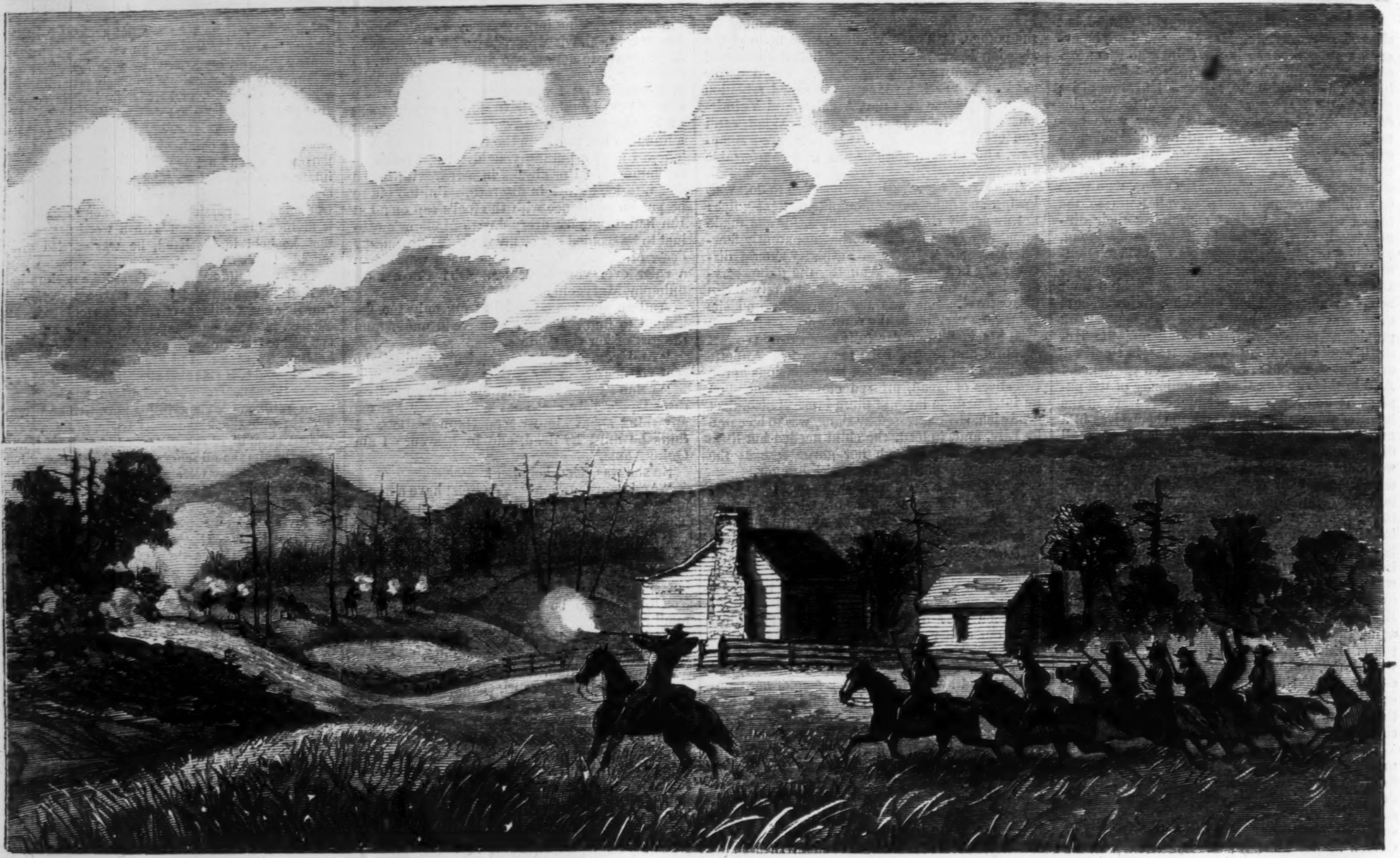
Getting more apocryphal as it proceeds, the native account of the habits of wolves goes on to say that a he wolf always eats the children he gets, and so does a she wolf, except when she is suckling; in that case she rears with her own young the stolen baby. Now as to the particular boy whom Sir William Sleeman found at Sultanpoor, and who was said to have been caught when trotting down on all fours with the wolf foster-mother, and his three cubs of foster-brothers, to the river to drink. When first caught he had to be tied that he might not run off into holes and dens. He ran away from adults, but ran at children, snarling like a dog, to bite them. He ate his meat raw, dog fashion, using his hands as forepaws; would let a dog share with him, but snarled if a man came near. The boy was sent to Captain Nicholetts, commanding the First Oude Local Infantry, with whom he became tamer; but he growled when teased, ran to his food on all fours, and ate whatever was thrown to him, preferring raw meat and bones to gnaw. He could eat half a lamb at a time, drink a pitcher of butter-milk without drawing breath, and would pick up and eat earth and small stones. He delighted in food, but he detested clothing. In cold weather they gave him a quilt, but he tore it up and ate it bit by bit with his bread. This boy was of repulsive aspect; he shunned human society, preferring that of dogs, but when his favorite, a pariah dog that came and helped him off with his dinners, was shot because he was depriving the young foundling of his food, the boy showed no concern whatever at his loss. This "beast child," who was supposed to have been taken from the she wolf at nine or ten years old, lived three years among men, signifying wants by a few signs—when hungry he pointed to his mouth—and was never known to speak till a few minutes before his death, when he put his hand to his head and said it ached, asked for some water, drank it, and then died. These few words spoken before death might have been the return of an old childish impression.

Another of Sir William's stories is of a boy said to have been carried off by a wolf when three years old, and while his parents were working in the fields at Chupra. Six years afterward he was caught when going down to the river with three wolf cubs, and recognized by a birth-mark, as well as by the scar of a scald and the marks of the wolf's teeth in his loins; for she had been seen to take him and carry him off by his loins. This boy was alive at the time of Sir W. Sleeman's visit. He could not articulate words, his knees and elbows were hardened with going on all fours. He followed his mother about for what he could get, but at night he would make off to the jungle. He also liked his meat uncooked. The village boys threw frogs to him, and he ate them. When a bullock died and its skin was taken off, he would go and eat it like a village dog.

The unproved fact, in the case of both these idiot boys, who had been outcasts in the woods, is the wolf-nursing. The notion of wolf-rearing is commonly attached in India to the outcast idiot children, who are sometimes found living, like the beasts, upon what garbage they can find.

In Poland the same belief once gave to such unhappy children credit or discredit for having been reared among the bears. Of one such boy, caught two centuries ago in a bear hunt, it is said that he appeared to be eight or nine years old, went on all fours, and ate greedily such things as bears love—raw flesh, apples, and honey. He was taken to the king at Warsaw and baptized Joseph. With difficulty he was taught to walk upright. He never could learn Polish, but expressed his views of life with an ursine growl. The king gave him to a vice-chamberlain, who employed him to carry wood for his kitchen. He never lost his wildness, and sometimes escaped into the woods, where the bears never molested him.

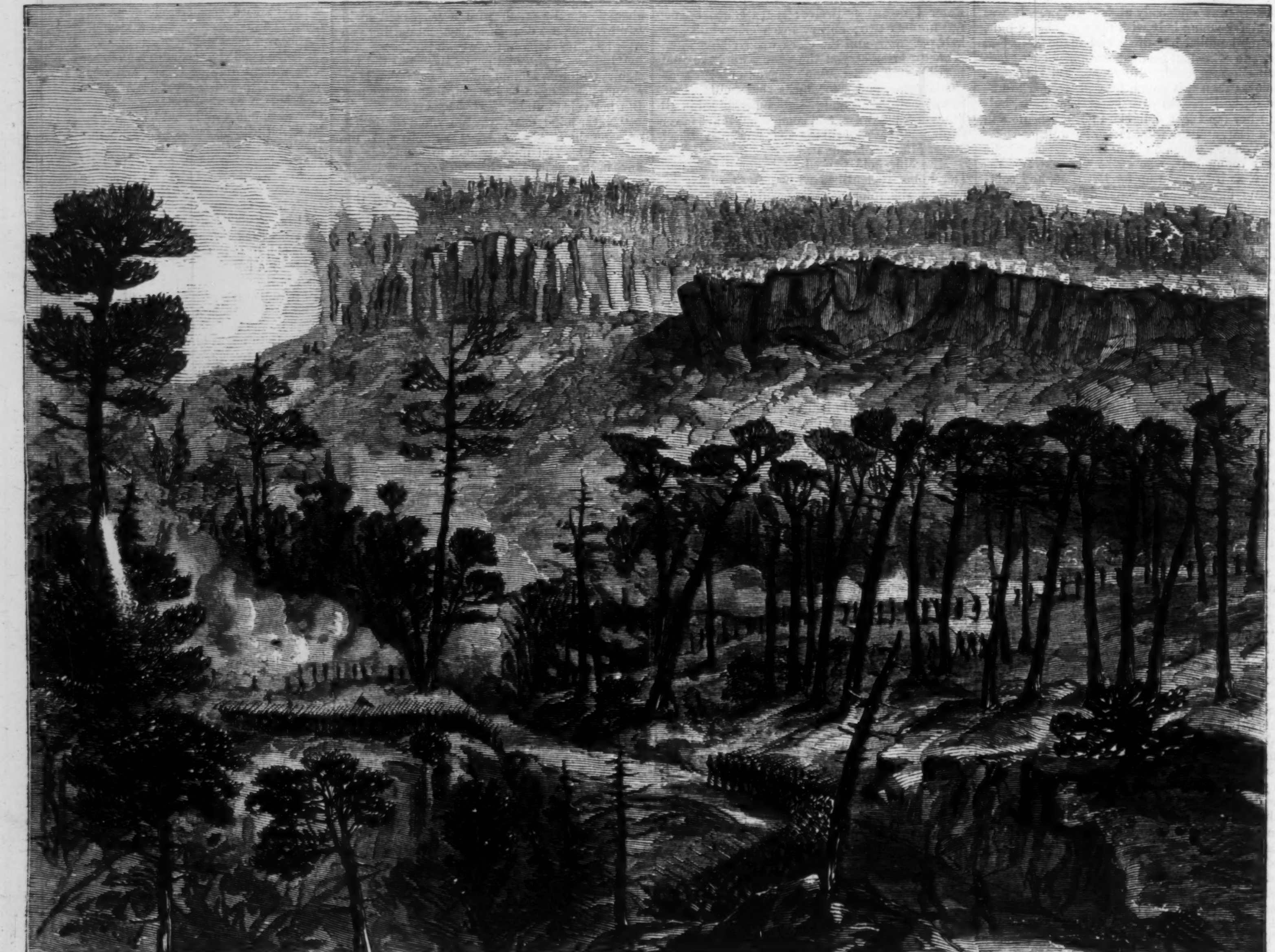
Such stories are not more credible, though more honestly set forth, than that of the Irish boy exhibited at Amsterdam, as having been reared by a sheep, so that he ran upon all fours, cropped grass, and bleated.



SHERMAN'S DEPARTMENT—ENGAGEMENT AT SNAKE CREEK GAP, GEORGIA.—From a Sketch by Theodore R. Davis.—[See page 355.]

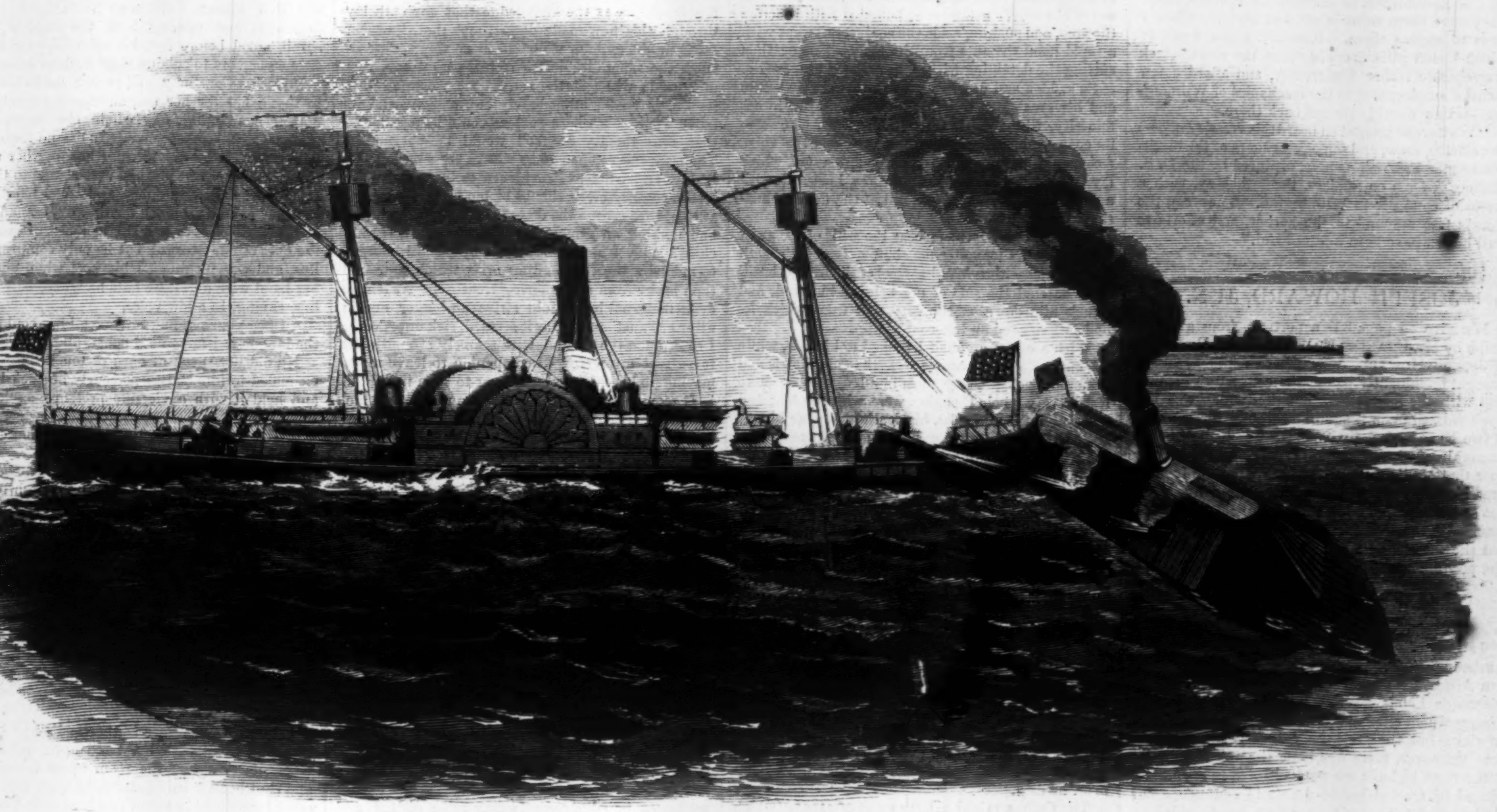
THE WAR IN GEORGIA.

We give on this page two illustrations of recent events in Georgia, sketched on the spot by our artist, Theodore R. Davis. The capture of Dug Gap by General Geary's Division of Hooker's Corps was an achievement worthy of the veterans who had already earned renown by their bravery at Mission Ridge. The assault was made on the 8th instant. Ridge after ridge was carried by the fearless veterans, who climbed the perpendicular crags with steady feet, often crossing rocky gorges where a single false step would have been instantly fatal, and at last swept the enemy from the heights as so much chaff. Mr. Davis writes: "Captain Bartlette, commanding a storming party of the Thirty-third New Jersey, was killed on the last crest. The Thirty-third behaved with splendid valor. Our loss was 220 killed and wounded. Some of our troops, after they had actually climbed the last ridge to the crest of the palisade formation, were hurled from the top by the rebels, who, instead of taking them prisoners, preferred to mangle the brave boys among the rocks beneath. The place was defended by Stevenson's Rebel Division. Colonel Clark, of the 145th New York, was among those thrown from the top." For an account of the engagement at Snake Creek Gap see news page.

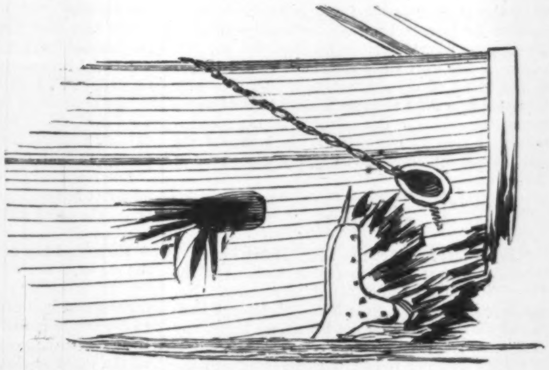


SHERMAN'S DEPARTMENT—GENERAL GEARY'S ASSAULT ON DUG GAP, GEORGIA.—[From a Sketch by Theodore R. Davis.]

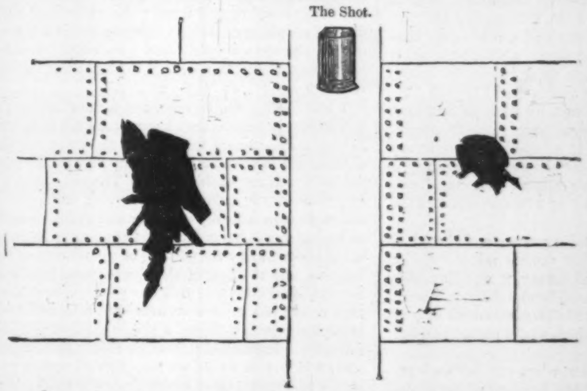
THE NAVAL FIGHT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND.



THE STEAMSHIP "SASSACUS" RAMMING THE REBEL RAM "ALBEMARLE."



APPEARANCE OF BOW AFTER THE BATTLE.



EXIT OF SHOT FROM BOILER. ENTRANCE OF SHOT IN BOILER.

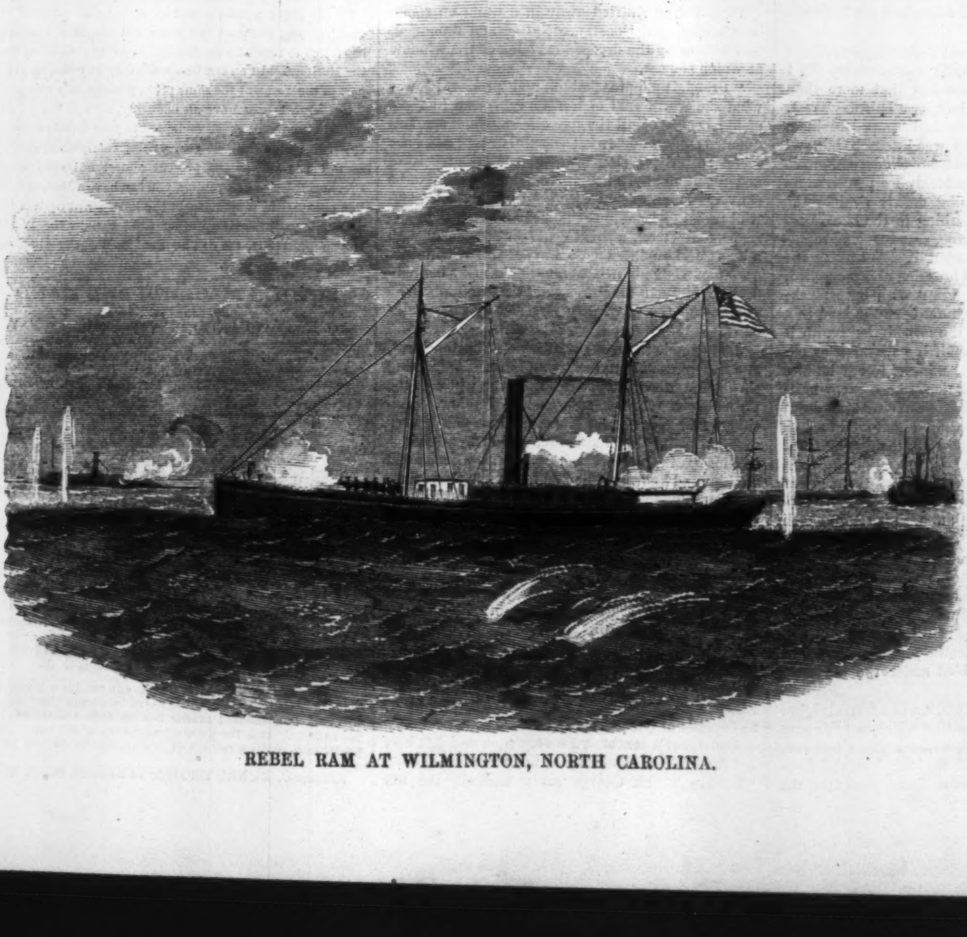
We give on this page a sketch of the engagement in Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, on the 5th inst., between the United States steamer *Sassacus* and the rebel ram *Albemarle*. Our correspondent on board the *Sassacus*, in sending the sketch, says: "No better opportunity than was here presented could have been desired for testing and deciding the mooted point as to the possibility of injuring an iron-clad by ramming with a wooden ship. The engagement may be briefly described as follows:

"The *Metabassett* (senior ship), being in advance, had commenced a circle of which the ram should be the centre, while we at a short distance followed in her wake. The *Bombshell*, a consort of the ram, was rendering him every assistance by a constant fire upon us; and though the design of running down the iron-clad was fully formed, we turned for a moment to the weaker vessel, and delivered a fire which brought the flag down and the officers and crew to their feet, frantically waving white handkerchiefs and shirts in token of surrender. Turning from the *Bombshell*, and being then about three hundred yards distant from the ram, we started for him at full speed, striking him fair and square, careening him over so that the water swept his decks, receiving the raking fire from his guns, and pouring into him the contents of the whole of our forward battery almost at the same moment. The instant he had perceived our intention he endeavored to avoid us by putting on all steam and going ahead, so that after we struck his forward motion gradually laid us almost alongside, our guns meeting his, muzzle to muzzle.

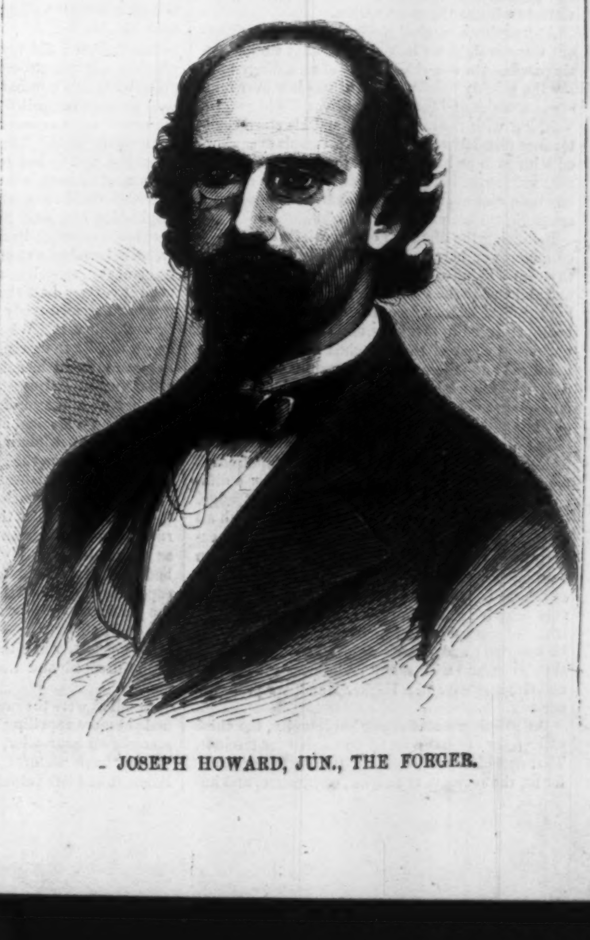
"At this juncture a shot pierced our boiler, and in an instant every thing was enveloped in scalding steam. So dense was the cloud that objects were shrouded and invisible at the distance of a rod. The roar of our guns, the crack of musketry, the screams of the scalded and dying now commingled to make the scene most appalling: yet in the midst of all our men stood firm, and, with a heroism never surpassed, continued to pour a deadly fire of solid shot into his very ports, our riflemen coolly seeking every chance to pick off the enemy at their stations, and our look-outs aloft throwing hand-grenades through his gratings, until, after twelve long minutes, our engines working upon a vacuum and beyond control, we slowly but defiantly drifted out of range. As we separated the muzzles of both his guns were seen to be broken off; yet for an hour the fire was continued upon him from the other vessels of our fleet till the darkness became too great, and, crest-fallen and defeated, he sought refuge in the river from which he had so vauntingly sallied. Beyond the displacement of our stem this ship was not injured by the collision, nor was she made to leak in the slightest degree. We struck at a speed of about eleven knots. We are entirely satisfied as to the ramming qualities of our ship."

REBEL RAM.

The following extract from a correspondent on the United States ship *William Badger*, off Beaufort, North Carolina, explains the illustration on this page of the Rebel Ram at Wilmington: "One of the rams that have been so long building at Wilmington, North Carolina, by the rebels, to annihilate the entire Yankee blockading squadron off that harbor, has lately made her 'first appearance' among our vessels, but signally failed to go through with the modest part assigned her by the over-confident Confederates. She was compelled to retreat inside the rebel fortifications, from behind which she takes an occasional peep at the 'Lincum gun-boats' in the distance, and makes a display of



REBEL RAM AT WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.



JOSEPH HOWARD, JUN., THE FORGER.

three formidable horns, designed to tickle the ribs of our wooden vessels so very unpleasantly. If they should undertake another such *rampage* the fleet is determined to capture or destroy them. They have three rams in all, but we have a heavy force to oppose them. Probably a few doses of 9-inch Union pills dropped down the smoke-stack may operate rather disastrously, and afford a few months' employment to the mechanics of Wilmington—if they should ever get back there.

"We have at present on board this vessel (*Badger*) the officers, crew, and some passengers of the blockade-runner *Tristram Shandy*, captured by the U. S. steamer *Kansas* on Sunday, the 15th May, with a cargo of cotton from Wilmington. They say the ram is fast aground in the harbor, and efforts to pull her off have been unsuccessful."

JOSEPH HOWARD, JUN.

We give on page 365 a portrait, from a photograph by Mr. Charles H. Williamson, Brooklyn, of Joseph Howard, Jun., whose name has been brought prominently before the country in connection with the forged Proclamation which was last week palmed upon the public through the columns of two New York daily papers. The history of the case is already known, and it is only necessary to say here that Mr. Howard's action was in the last degree infamous and dishonorable. Mr. Howard is yet a young man, and has been connected for some years with the press, holding at the time he committed the forgery which sent him to Fort Lafayette the position of city editor on a Brooklyn journal.

WIDOWED IN THE WILDS.

It is now many years since I accompanied my husband, a missionary, into the interior of Southern Africa. At length we reached our station in Namaqua Land. When I saw the wild savages among whom our lot was cast my heart was ready to sink; but the goodness of our purpose upheld me; moreover, there was little time for fears, for a house must be built ere we could live in one, and a chapel be erected before we could commence our duties; and toiling with our own hands, aided by our guide and driver, who remained for a while to help us, we at length completed both.

It was a joyful day when we first heard the little bell ring out over the kraals, summoning their inmates to the chapel, at one end of which my husband was to instruct the men; while at the other I should try to instill into these rude wild women the womanly and wifely virtues; and though for a time these efforts were met by peals of laughter, and my husband's services were more frequently sought as a rain-maker or witch-finder than in any other capacity, yet ultimately our endeavors prevailed, and we won their respect and confidence, and, as we hoped, in one or two cases, something more.

Thus passed nearly three years; and though to the world our life at that remote mission-station might seem desolate and dreary, it was in reality full of interest, and cheered by the daily increasing hope that we had planted the germs both of a religion and civilization which would spread and bear much fruit.

Such were our prospects, when one day we learned that the great chief Luto, beneath whose protection we lived, was taken ill, and we resolved to visit him; more especially as, like most missionaries, my husband possessed some medical skill. The chief's kraal was scarcely five miles from the station, and we started early, to avoid the heat of the tropical sun; but we had hardly traversed half the distance when a faint sound, as of rushing water, broke the intense stillness of the wilderness, increasing as we advanced, until it swelled into a succession of wild cries and fearful shrieks. Ignorant whether this might not be the form of mourning for one so exalted as Luto, we hastened on, though, when we reached the spot, it was with difficulty we could force our way through the thick belt of terrified-looking Caffres who were eagerly pressing forward to witness the scene within.

At length we reached the front; but very different was the sight we looked on to what we had anticipated. On one side, stretched on a dingy mat, lay the mighty chief whose will was law over hundreds of miles and thousands of lives, his huge form writhing with neuralgic pains, and his stern-countenance discolored by suffering. But his eyes glowed with rage as he exclaimed to us, with a doubly guttural intonation: "I am bewitched—an evil-eye has been cast upon me. However," he added, with set teeth, "I am punishing him."

Following the direction of the chief's outstretched finger, our horrified and astonished eyes fell on the form of a Caffre bound hand and foot with withes, and pinioned to the ground; while two others, wearing the dirty feather-decorations of magicians, were busily engaged in breaking and spreading over the uncovered chest of the wretched man nests of the fierce red ant—those favorite instruments of Caffre torture—each fresh application of which drew forth a new burst of agony from the sufferer, and elicited another flash of triumph from the sick chief's eyes.

But mingled with our horror at the scene was the feeling that the victim of this fearful superstition must at once be rescued. It was obviously a difficult task, for the prosecutor was likewise the judge, but it must nevertheless be achieved; and with all respect, in consideration of his sovereignty, but eagerly, earnestly, entreatingly, as if we had been petitioning for our own lives, we besought the chief to release his tribesman. The answer was an abrupt negative. But in such a case, and with those frightful cries ringing in our ears, we were not to be deterred; and more zealously, more anxiously than ever, and with many assurances that health and sickness were in a Higher Hand, we preferred our suit.

At length, wearied of our importunity, the chief uttered the emphatic denial no Caffre ever rescinds. That door of hope was closed. But it was impossible for us, the servants of religion, civilization, and humanity, to stand idly by and witness such a sacrifice; and though well knowing he incurred much peril by braving the despot's will, my husband sprang to his feet, and snatching an ostrich-feather fan from one of the chief's attendants, bounded with it across the area, and pushing aside the conjurors, swept with a rapid hand the ants from the tortured man; then cutting the detaining withes, he assisted him to rise.

So sudden and unexpected was this act that Luto and his great men seemed almost paralyzed by its temerity, while my heart trembled with fear as to its consequences. Another moment, and the chief recovered himself, and catching up an assagai, which lay beside him, ere I could interpose, hurled it, with a fierce Caffre denunciation, full at the devoted missionary.

To this hour I seem to hear the whir of the swift weapon, as its long slender shaft quivered through the air; to see the gleaming steel of the barbed head, as it entered the side of my beloved husband, and struck him down on the very spot from which he had just rescued an innocent victim.

With a cry of anguish I rushed to his side, while the entire Caffre concourse was stirred by howls and deafening yells, whose meaning I did not seek to learn. My whole thoughts were with the husband moaning in, it might be, his death-agony, as I knelt beside him, and tore my dress in shreds to stanch the wounds through which his life seemed ebbing. Meanwhile, louder and higher swelled the tumult around me, until it broke on my sorrow with a terrible fear lest they were discussing the completion of their unfinished deed, which alone and friendless among that savage assembly I was impotent to resist. At length a step approached me, and involuntarily I clasped my beloved one closer, as if that could avert his fate.

But the voice which addressed me was a friendly one—that of Keemer, the most promising of our little flock; and he came with a hard-wrung permission from the chief to bear my wounded husband back to the station, to which was added an imperative command to return without delay to our own country, and no longer trouble his. A few other friendly Caffres followed, and between them the missionary was borne carefully home. That night, however, he died.

The Caffres raised a lofty cairn of stones, which formed at once my husband's tomb and his security from the wandering beasts of prey; but ere it was finished a message reached me from the chief. "By the Caffre law," he sent word, "the widow and children of a slain man become the property of his conqueror, therefore my child and I were his. But he would be merciful to me; and if I and mine left his territory at once we might go free."

I had neither wagon nor oxen for our transport, and at first it seemed that I must take my little one in my arms, and go forth alone to encounter the chances of the wilderness. But my faithful Keemer did not desert me in this strait. The only pack-ox he possessed was devoted to my service, and he himself undertook to be my protector and guide, though, as he had never before traveled that way, he must shape his course by the passage of the sun across the heavens, and the flow of the rivers toward the sea. At early dawn we mounted our pack-ox, and hastened on our unknown way, over wild hills and down precipitous passes, where a single false step would have been destruction; through thick, thorny jungles, which tore us as we passed; and across vast plains of burning sand, where there was neither tree to shelter us from the fiery sun-rays, nor water to relieve our consuming thirst; hurrying on, regardless of hunger, and heat, and weariness, until darkness brought our arduous day's journey to a close.

We had crossed about half of Caffreland when, one night, the ox on which my child and I had hitherto ridden broke his halter, and wandering over the flat was killed by a hyena. This was a serious disaster, and Keemer was greatly troubled at the thought that, having no means of purchasing another, I must henceforth travel on foot. But I had suffered too many great afflictions to have much care for small ones; and taking up the sheep-skin and blanket, which had formed alike our saddle and bed, I trod diligently on beside the faithful Caffre, who, in addition to his wallet and arms, bore my little son upon his shoulder.

But though I did my best, it soon appeared our progress was reduced one half; and so weary did I grow with this unusual exertion, that more than once we were compelled to halt for a half-day's rest. On one of these occasions we had camped beside a large *vly*, or pond. The day was intensely hot and breezeless, and we had retreated to the deepest shade of an aged mimosa, when suddenly we perceived an extended cloud-bank showing darkly against the bright-blue horizon. Something in the cloud's aspect made us watch its coming, as, advancing rapidly, as if borne on a strong wind, it swept along the brilliant sky, spreading and lowering as it proceeded, until it covered half the heavens with inky blackness, and seemed ready to burst upon the land in a furious tempest. When it reached the zenith it began rapidly to descend, emitting a strange crackling sound; and in another minute, to our infinite astonishment and consternation, like a great hailstorm, a vast swarm of locusts came rushing down—whirling, whizzing, and tumbling around us, in a blinding and bewildering mass, until they lay three or four thick upon the ground.

Not a spot remained uncovered by them. Far as the eye could reach across the level prairie nothing was visible but the shimmering gleam of the russet brown and green armor of the aerial legions, as they battled fiercely, and ate voraciously every bud, and leaf, and blade of grass. Nothing escaped them. Even the arums on the borders of the pond, and the blue and white lotus flowers floating on its surface, were hidden beneath their struggling clusters, while the feathery foliage above our heads drooped and trembled under the universal foe.

Small as were the ravagers, it was a fearful sight; and yet more appalling was that which met our eyes scarcely an hour after, when the living cloud rose to seek fresh pastures, and we looked on the desolation it had left behind—the denuded shrubs, the skeleton-like trees, and the long stretches of bare brown earth, which that morning had been green and glowing with verdure and flowers.

If any thing could have increased our horror at the scene it was the knowledge that our path lay through this new-made desert, and that, however far it might extend, we could in no way escape it, since the same dire destroyer had passed both east and west; while at the same time we knew that its kraals would immediately be forsaken, and its game would flee where pasture could be found, and that consequently no food would be obtainable. The only course open to us was to press on indefatigably, and trust to Providence to bring us to the fertile country ere it should be too late.

Could we escape the desert there might be hope; and making an almost superhuman effort, for my child's sake, I again struggled on, urged to the uttermost by the low wailing cries which now and then broke from my suffering treasure. At length even maternal love could strive no longer, and in utter exhaustion, and, as it seemed, sick unto death, I sank upon the ground, with scarcely strength left to entreat my sorrowful companion to leave me to my inevitable fate, and endeavor to save my child.

It seemed as if the little creature understood me, for he stretched out his wasted arms, and a few tears rolled down the infant cheeks, withered and aged by suffering; and as Keemer laid him by my side I felt with a pang that his short race was run, and that he too was about to tread the dark journey. By an effort I gathered him in my feeble arms. My last tie to earth seemed broken; and trying to forget the fierce pains of that miserable desert death, I prayerfully awaited its coming. At length my little one's moans and my own intolerable agony announced his hour and mine alike had come, and with, as I believed, my expiring breath, I murmured for him and me the same words of faith and hope I had so lately repeated beside the grave of the beloved husband we were now about to join.

For the hundred thousandth time was the axiom verified that man's extremity is God's opportunity; for when hope was past and life was almost gone help came. A trader northward bound into Caffreland, coming to the devastated district, had left his wagon on its edge some twenty miles distant, and traveling on with a Hottentot attendant to discover its extent, had providentially encountered us just in time to save our lives by the provisions he carried with him. Every kindness was lavished on us by this good Samaritan; and as soon as we were equal to the journey his wagon returned with us to the colony, where Keemer accompanied us, and where he has ever since remained, valued by me as the friend of my greatest need, and generally respected as a most efficient teacher of the Caffres within the colony. But neither time nor resignation can soften the harrowing remembrance of the sorrows and sufferings attending my widowhood in the wilds.

MELTED.

"Love him? Of course not. Marry him? I should as soon think of marrying the King of the Cannibal Islands or any other grand seignior. No, my dear Dora Deane, your friend St. George Endlow (I wonder where he got his name) hasn't any designs on me, nor I on him."

"Fie, Constance, to call St. George Endlow King of the Cannibal Islands! He's the very handsomest man of *my* acquaintance."

"Precisely, and of mine—an exquisite of the first water—the prince of dandies."

"He's *not* a dandy, Constance. I don't believe you think so either. St. George a dandy! He can't help being handsome any more than Constance Sutherland can. But dandy! You'll find he is not that, Miss Constance."

"Shall I? I doubt it. I've no interest in the matter, I'm sure; but I never saw a handsome man yet that wasn't a dandy to his very heart's core."

"Poor Endlow! I see it is all over with him so far as you are concerned. You're a very prejudiced personage, Constance Sutherland."

Dora Deane whirled away in a waltz on somebody's arm, and Constance Sutherland remained, half hidden by the drooped curtains of the window at which she sat.

"Proud, unapproachable, and peerless!" was what the world said of Constance, queen in right of her beauty of all the gay circles which she frequented; but a somewhat scornful queen, since she seemed utterly careless of the homage she received, and rarely melted enough from her hauteur to be conversational, except with a select few. A beautiful proud girl, more prejudiced and vain than she suspected herself, a great deal; but a woman with a heart and an intellect, a woman worth winning, a woman who only needed melting to make her half divine, if human creatures can be so, and in Love's vocabulary the possibility is certainly much talked of.

Just outside the window at which Constance sat, and hidden from her view by an immense flowering shrub that stood there, sat during the whole of the preceding conversation St. George Endlow. Accident had placed him there at first, and a very natural feeling had made him shrink from changing his position afterward, lest Constance should see him and know that he had heard her ungracious comments upon himself. Besides, he said to himself bitterly, being a dandy he had a right to know it, even under such questionable circumstances as these. He was sitting there still, unable to quit his post for fear of Constance seeing him, when a gentleman, Constance's brother, joined her, and he had the pleasure of hearing himself under discussion again, somewhat to this effect:

"Mr. Endlow turned soldier—it must be a mistake!" exclaimed Constance; "depend upon it, you are misinformed, such pretty men as he is are not likely to risk spoiling their beauty by exposing it to bayonet or cannon-ball."

Constance's brother rose very soon and left her, half angry, half laughing at her prejudice against "Endlow." St. George sat a moment, the hot blood rising to his very temples. If it had been a man who had spoken thus of him he would have known how to answer him in a manner to seal his lips forever after on that subject. Being a woman, and that woman Constance Sutherland, he rose presently, and passing from the shadow of the shrub, stood before her, his splendid eyes making vain endeavors to subdue their flash as he said,

"If Miss Constance will permit me I should like to thank her for her magnanimous expression of herself concerning one whom she supposed not present, and therefore unable to defend himself."

Constance rose—vivid color flooding her usually tranquil face. She blushed with shame to the very tips of her delicate fingers, and stood too confused to retort even a reproach for the part he had played of listener. Never had she looked so beautiful in the eyes of St. George; but he only compressed his lips, and was turning on his heel when she lifted her hand with a gesture half haughty, half appealing, saying, in a low voice,

"I beg your pardon, Sir. Nothing could justify the language I have used concerning you."

He did not speak at once or touch the hand she extended to him. But presently he took it in his and held it with a vicelike pressure, saying, in a rapid undertone,

"Give me a chance to possess this hand, to deserve it as much as man can, and I—"

"That were impossible," retorted Constance, instantly growing white and standing haughtily erect.

"Which—to possess or deserve?" questioned St. George, calm again.

"Either." And she vanished from the window.

"Pity about St. George Endlow, isn't it, Con?" said young Sutherland, lounging in his sister's sitting-room one morning some months after. "Oh, I forgot; you never liked him. Splendid fellow, though. Enlisted as private, fought his way up, and died at the head of the brave boys he was leading."

"Died!"

It was all Constance Sutherland's lips could utter; and then, with her hand upon her side, she went slowly out of the room up to her chamber, and shut herself in. Later in the day Dora Deane came. She could not get admittance to Constance, but she called to her from the outside. She meant it a jest; she was a thoughtless girl.

"They say St. George Endlow is badly wounded. Hadn't you better go down and nurse him, Constance?"

The door swung open, and Constance stood upon the threshold saying, "Wounded? Fred said dead."

"Oh! I believe that was the first report; but it's contradicted," Dora, said, lightly.

The next train took Constance Sutherland toward the battle-field. I doubt if she knew herself, till that rumor of his death came, that she loved St. George Endlow.

She found him. It was long enough first—an agony of suspense—and there was a frightful gash across the broad white forehead that had been "too handsome."

He needed her long before she reached him, and did not know her when she came. But he lived to owe his life to her care; to love her with a fond tenderness that in the old distance he had never dreamed of; and to receive at last from her trembling lips the acknowledgment that he was more to her than all the world besides.

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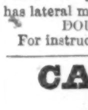

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